

HIT PARADER

WILSON PICKETT
FOREVER

35¢ JANUARY 1970

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

JIMI HENDRIX

THE GYPSY SUN



TAJ MAHAL'S BAND
JONI MITCHELL JOHN LENNON
THE PHIL SPECTOR INTERVIEW
CREEDENCE CLEARWATER
ROLLING STONES BLIND FAITH

EXCLUSIVE
ALL THE
WORDS
TO
HIT SONGS

CARRY ME BACK

THAT'S THE WAY LOVE IS

WHAT'S THE USE OF
BREAKING UP

I CAN'T GET NEXT TO YOU

RUNNIN' BLUE

BLACK BERRIES

WHAT KIND OF FOOL DO
YOU THINK I AM

JEAN

HOT FUN IN THE
SUMMERTIME

OH WHAT A NIGHT

DON'T IT MAKE YOU
WANT TO GO HOME

HERE I GO AGAIN

LET ME BE THE ONE

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

LODI

WALK ON BY

WHEN I DIE

SHARE YOUR LOVE WITH
ME

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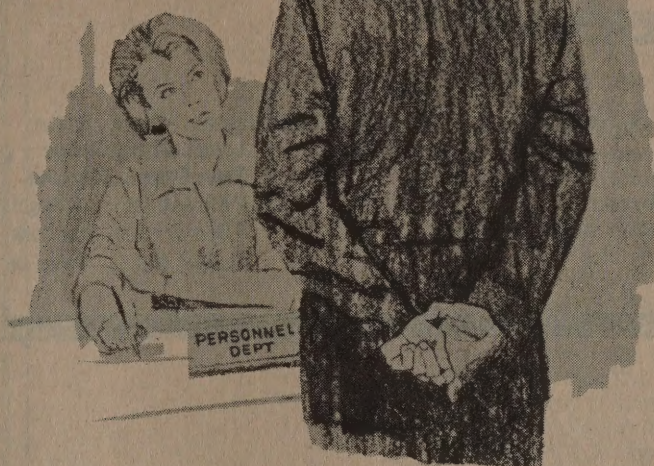
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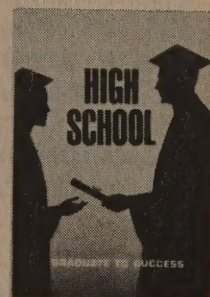
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hit Parader....

JAN. 1970

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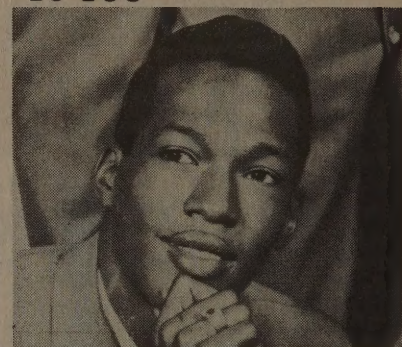
PARADE OF SONG HITS

•CARRY ME BACK



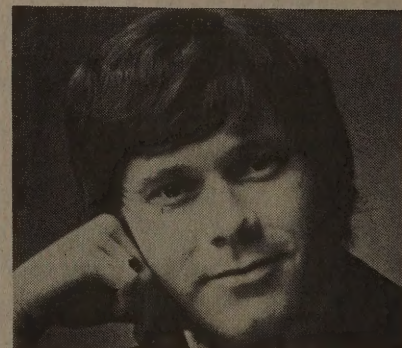
By The Rascals

•I CAN'T GET NEXT TO YOU



By The Temptations

•JEAN



By Oliver

**OVER 35
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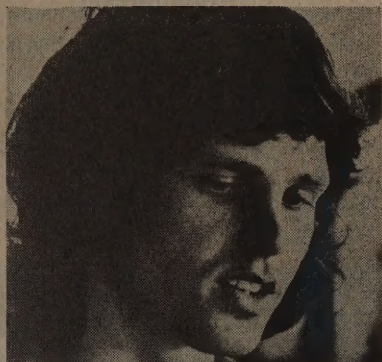
PARADE OF SONG HITS

•THAT'S THE WAY LOVE IS



By Marvin Gaye

•RUNNIN' BLUE



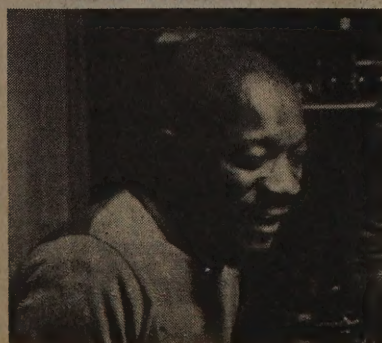
By The Doors

•GREEN FIELDS



By The Vogues

•WALK ON BY



By Isaac Hayes

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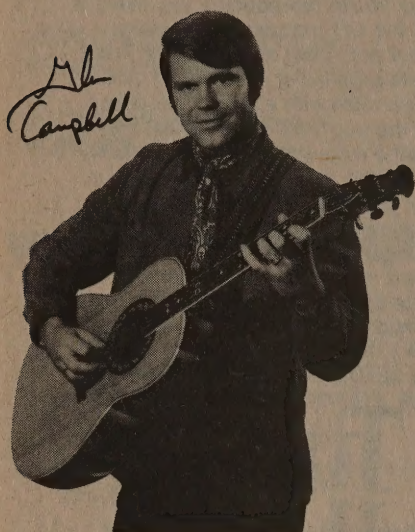
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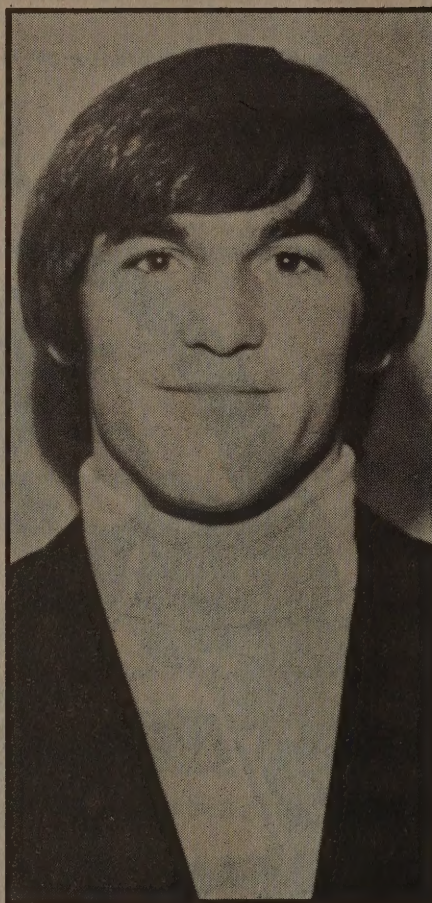
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Dennis Wilson/Beachboy's drummer

I listen to Beethoven. His lighter stuff. I can't understand his heavier music. I like to listen to good jazz, and good rock and roll. As long as the music is good, I'll listen to anything. Beethoven's 9th Symphony is really beautiful. It's very emotional. The Beach Boy albums mean a lot to me because I'm part of the creation. I like the Beatles albums too.

By Gary McFarland/Composer-Arranger

My first album is "Gypsy '66" on Impulse. It features Gabor Szabo on guitar. I listen to this quite often. He's my favorite guitar player. There's a beautiful mood on that album. It spotlights Gabor very well. It's the kind of album that I could listen to any time. I also love "Rubber Soul" by the Beatles on Capitol. It's a highly consistent album in terms of good tunes. As always the Beatles are a lot of fun to listen to. Another album I've always liked is "Miles Ahead" by Gil Evans and Miles Davis. It was recorded in '56 or '57. Gil is an unbelievable masterful orchestrator. He writes so beautifully for Miles. He writes this beautiful cushion of sound for Miles to immerse himself in. Another one I always listen to is "Afternoon of A Fawn" and just about anything else by Ravel and Debussy. Ravel was probably the greatest orchestrator. At least in my estimation. I also wish I had some of the works of Bartok. He's so emotional and dramatic. The sounds he produces are staggering. I heard a couple of his string quartets. And the players are incredible. They must be rapping their heads along side their instruments, banging with all areas of the bow and kicking their instruments. The sounds are just incredible



By Van Morrison

Clifford Brown Memorial Album, I dig that one. Especially the tracks with strings. John Lee Hooker Live At The Cafe Au Go Go. Muddy Waters is on that. I dig that for good contemporary blues which was recorded August, 1966. Mingus, Oh Yeah is very good. I like the way he uses horn on that.

Neil Diamond

Barbara Streisand's first album is excellent. Everything about it. Harry Belafonte Singing Hymns. I like Joe Tex very much. One guy I loved very much. He died. James Ray - "If You Got To Make A Fool Of Somebody." He has an album just called James Ray, which is probably the best rock and roll album I've ever heard. I love his voice.

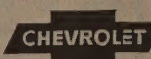


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Dear Editor:

I am writing this letter because there are several excellent groups which I feel are not achieving the recognition they deserve, even in magazines devoted to serious music, of which I believe *Hit Parader* is the finest.

First of all, a word on the Yardbirds. Everyone knows that this now defunct group has produced three of the best rock guitarists in Eric Clapton, Jeff Beck, and Jimmy Page. But who even mentions their excellent lead singer Keith Relf, the outstanding drummer Jim McCarty, or bassists Chris Dreya or Paul Samwell-Smith? Such classic songs as "The Nazz Are Blue" and "Strall On" (from *Blow Up*) and Yardbirds with Sonny Boy Williamson are gems from this fine blues-rock group.

Now, turning to the Kinks, who have made the transition from 'All Night and All Day' to 'We Are The Village Green Preservation Society.' Ray Davies, the mastermind of the group, is truly a musical genius. The album "Something Else" by the Kinks, consists of 14 songs, each of which is a musical masterpiece. Davies covers such diverse topics as the drug hang-up ("Harry Rag") the high school glamour boy ("David Watts") and Young Marriage ("Two Sisters.") Other fine LPs by the Kinks include *Face*, and their latest release, *The Kinks are the Village Green Preservation Society*.

In 1965, the national charts were, for a while, graced by the presence of a single from a British group. The single was "Go Now", nothing spectacular in itself, but nevertheless a cut above the average Beach Boys - Four Seasons - type record of the day. The group was the Moody Blues. Since this time, the Moody Blues have produced three of the finest rock LPs ever made, "Days of Future Passed," the stunning, "In Search of the Lost Chord" and most recently, "On The

Threshold of a Dream." This extremely versatile group is also very witty, as such songs as "Dr. Livingstone, I Presume" and "Dear Diary" will attest. Most amazing is the fact that almost any sound heard on any Moody Blues LP was written, produced and recorded by the group itself.

Other groups which I feel did not get, or are not getting the recognition they deserve are the Paupers, Them, the Sopwith Camel, Quicksilver Messenger Service, and the Steve Miller Band. More recent additions to this list include the Flying Burrito Brothers, Spirit, and Pogo (with Richie Furay).

In closing I should like to thank *Hit Parader* for being about the only magazine that keeps followers of serious music, or progressive rock informed as to "what's happening" HP is about the only mag to feature regularly, articles on members of the fantastic Buffalo Springfield, on the Byrds, or Creedence Clearwater Revival. Keep up the good work.

I would be glad to answer anyone who wishes to correspond, whether you agree, disagree, or just want to discuss good music.

David Howard
8477 Dean Rd.
Hudson Falls, New York

Dear Editor:

First of all I must inform you that I have been (and always will be) a loyal Rolling Stone fan and follower since 1963, ever since I heard their first song "Not Fade Away." They have been my No. 1 favorite group, and what I'm about to comment about somebody's gotta understand.

Last night on WKBW radio in Buffalo, New York, I heard the most shocking news in a life time, it could be just a rumor. I certainly hope its a rumor. I heard that Brian

is leaving the group and that the Stones might break up. As soon as I heard it I sat down for an hour and was lost, completely lost and shocked, I said to myself this just can't possibly be true, after all these years, through thick and thin, through blues music and so on. And, now the Stones are breaking up. What's so bad about the Cream breaking up. They were only together for about three years with three albums out but the Stones, they were together for seven years with twelve LPs out, and they were among the groups that started the English invasion. Them and the Beatles were the only groups that made it (other groups like Dave Clark 5, Kinks, Gerry and the Pacemakers, etc. faded away) but the Stones and Beatles lived on. And now the Stones are breaking up this just can't, can't be true. I hope it's only a rumor. I'm sure a million other Stones fans feel the same way I do.

I have all the Stones albums and read everything I see about them. They gotta be the greatest group in the world that ever lived. They never lost any members all five stayed together since the beginning I don't see how anyone could be a Paul Revere and the Raiders fan. They lose members every month. The first members in the group (in any group as a matter of fact) are the true members, but I'm not saying that the Stones are my favorite group because all the members stayed in the group. I think the Stones have the greatest talent ever, they went through all kinds of music, their first three LPs featured blues, their fourth featured some soul, their "Aftermath" LP featured some country and western music and their "Satanic" LP features Moody music and music that sounds like it was recorded in outer space. I think the Stones did an excellent job of producing the "Satanic" album, their new producer Jimmy Miller did a good job on "Beggars Banquet."

Whatever happened to Andrew Oldham?

The Stones just can't split, they're not something new that fades away (like the Monkees) they're not so popular anymore. The Stones were and always will be popular even though they might break up which I certainly hope a million times they don't. Their names will go down in music history forever and ever and they will be a milestone in rock music.

Merrill Moran
Prince Edwards Island, Canada

Dear Editor,

In accordance with the Keep America Beautiful Campaign, I would like to sweep away some garbage that seems to have collected in one of your back issues.

I'm referring to your candid and "unbiased" review of Atlantis. To the author I say, Donovan was not attempting to compile a historical thesis... but rather to relay the beauty that exists within his own mind. Look that up in your funk and wagonal.

In addition, I would like to point out that Donovan is a complex and very versatile writer. His verses run from Mystic Revelations with prophetic overtones to nostalgic excursions into fantasy and mythological realms. I don't think Donovan's main purpose in life is to bombard us with philosophy, but rather to entertain. Atlantis is a charming little story... and Donovan is a charming and engaging writer. I believe an apology is in order here... not only to Donovan but to his followers who understand him. Clearly your reporter doesn't.

I would like to hear from other Donovan people.

Caroline Romanine Radford
113 West South Ave.
Eden, North Carolina

Dear Editor:

In answer to Susan Eddy's question, "Does anyone think the Beatles (as good as they are) are being sorely overestimated?" Hit Parader Sept. '69.) I would like to say a few words. It's true the Stones are underrated as a great musical talent, which they are. But this doesn't mean the Beatles are overrated. Both groups have their high and low points. The Beatles have more hits, but this is not saying the Stones aren't as good. Both groups should be appreciated for their individual style.

To me, however, the Beatles are the best group around. I am not saying this simply because, as Miss Eddy says "...who dares criticize it?" The Beatles have proved themselves to be the leaders in the rock field over a period of time. The Stones have too but I still favor the Beatles. They showed themselves able to keep producing great music despite any competition. The Stones, too were long-term favorites. Still are, but the Beatles are the best. Cream came close and probably equalled the Beatles in sheer musical greatness. Blind Faith should come closer. But still Cream didn't stick together for a long time, and in view of the "anti-group" feelings of many superstars, not many permanent groups will be around for long. If a group does surpass the Beatles and can stay on top, I'll admit defeat, but until then I'll ascertain the Beatles are the best.

I would also like to comment on Jimi Hendrix's supposed "superiority" over all other guitarists. Hendrix is good, but Clapton is better. He (Clapton) is more creative, improvises better and is just an all-around better player. While Hendrix often falters, Clapton always puts on a tremendous performance. Hendrix isn't clear in his lyrics but Clapton is crystal clear. Page, Bloomfield, and Beck, in my opinion are also better than Hendrix, or at least as good as Hendrix is supposed to be the best, with the wah-wah pedal. But Page showed he was better in "Dazed and Confused." Hendrix could also never match Page's bowing of his guitar in that song. It's not that I'm against Jimi Hendrix, it's just that I think Clapton, Page and Bloomfield are better, which few people seem to realize.

Garry Shore
New Providence, N.J.

Dear Editor:

There is one thing that really bothers me. There are some people who

are really hung up on trying to compare with the Jimi Hendrix Experience with Cream. There is definitely no comparison whatsoever. Mitch Mitchell is a fine drummer with a hard beat and clear rolls but trying to compare him with Ginger Baker? Baker has to be the best drummer in pop music (John Bonham of Led Zeppelin is second). Just listen to Baker on some of Creams' live records. He's fantastic. Ginger Baker drives Cream. He pushes them in their longer numbers and keeps just a beautiful beat in their shorter numbers. But, no matter how long or short the song, Ginger Baker is the powerful pulsating heartbeat of Cream.

Next, there is Noel Redding and Jack Bruce. Redding being the bass guitarist and occasional vocalist for the Jimi Hendrix Experience and Jack Bruce being the bass guitarist and vocalist for Cream. To me that is even stranger than trying to compare Mitchell and Baker. Jack Bruce has one of the best voices in the music business. He makes Noel Redding look pitiful. Jack Bruce's voice is powerful as hell while Redding sounds as if he's on the verge of cracking. Redding has no range. Also Bruce plays a mean, mean bass. Granted, Redding is a good bass guitarist and is very good in what he knows, but Jack Bruce has twice the knowledge of Redding on the bass. Of course, it should be brought out that Noel Redding hasn't been playing bass nearly as long as Bruce but the fact that people try to compare the two is sickening.

Now we come to Mr. Hendrix and Mr. Clapton. I really consider Jimi Hendrix a fantastic guitarist. He has his own style and must be appreciated in that respect. Also Hendrix has written some good songs (Purple Haze, You Got Me Floatin', Voo Doo Child). But Clapton is a genius at the guitar and songwriting. Eric Clapton is a master at improvisation (Example: Spoonful, I'm So Glad, Crossroads) and Hendrix just isn't capable of doing things like that. Hendrix doesn't have Clapton's talents by any means. Hendrix can put on a beautiful stage show for his audience. He is a master at finding out what his audience is in the mood for, but Clapton doesn't need to do that. Clapton's audience comes to listen to a great guitarist and Eric Clapton certainly doesn't let them down. It's not such a visual show as Hendrix puts on. Hendrix can play his guitar with his body but when Eric Clapton plays his guitar, everyone's body is played.

In your May 1969 issue you had an article called "The Beatles Sing The Beatles" I found several mistakes in the writing. It was one of the worst and disappointing articles I've ever read. Some of the mistakes were as follows: You said that Paul sings the lead vocal in "While My Guitar Gently Weeps." It's obviously George. Also you said it was John, Paul, and George singing "Long, Long, Long." I listened long and hard for John but failed to hear him. And by the way George sings the lead and Paul joins in to help him in only parts of the song. In "Cry Baby Cry" I failed to hear Paul singing his solo in a cool high voice halfway through. It was John all the way. On the final number "Goodnight" you said Paul is singing the lead. Lord have mercy. It is absolutely, positively Ringo singing. Hit Parader shame on you. The Beatles are my favorite group and I wish you would do the "Greatest group in history" justice by writing correct information on them instead of the rubbish you did in "The Beatles Sing The Beatles."

In closing I would like to say "Thanks" for letting me take up your time so and I hope I have said something that proves interesting somewhere in this letter.

Thanks again,
Dennis McLaruini
6311 Astro Cove
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Editor:

First of all I would like to compliment Jeff Leak for his great letter about Revolution No. 9 on the Beatles album. I also think this track is a musical (if that's the word) breakthrough.

But I don't want to talk about the Beatles. I would like to talk about the great new album by the Beach Boys, 20/20. People are saying that the Beach Boys aren't as good as they use to be. That is crazy. Just listen to 20/20 and I'm sure you will change your mind.

The first three tracks are well known Beach Boys hits, "Do It Again" "I Can Hear Music," and "Bluebirds Over The Mountain." The next track is called "Be With You." It starts out as a soft song but at the end it starts to build up. The next track is called "All I Want To Do." This is a good song if you like a heavy sound. After that is a beautiful instrumental called "The Nearest Faraway Place." On the second side the first track is a great version of "Cotton Fields." The next two songs are Brian Wilson greats, "I Went To Sleep" and "Time To Get Alone."

The latter is sung beautifully by Carl. "Never Learn Not To Love" is the next number. This song is one of my favorites on the album. Followed by "Our Prayer" which has no instrumental background just the voices of the Boys. The last track, "Cabinessence" is to me similar to "Good Vibrations." To sum it up this is one of the best albums by the Beach Boys.

Bill Pezzella
3444 Glen Arden Rd.
Virginia Beach, Va.

Dear Editor:

I am thirteen, but am not your usual thirteen year old. I think I have a tiny bit of justification in writing this because, due largely to your magazine, I have some knowledge of music.

First of all, about Brigitta's column in your September '69 issue. She states that "they seemed to have achieved instantly and with no discernible effort the musical sophistication the Beatles had acquired over a long period of gradual maturing." She knows nothing of their attempts in either Britain or Australia. HP has said it took the Gibb Brothers eleven years to get where they are. She speaks of the good moments in "Odessa." The title song, I will agree is a fantastic bit of weirdness, showing some of their naivete to where they get the City of Odessa mixed up with the Baltic Sea and the North Atlantic, I wouldn't know. However, "Edison," is a cute song and that, I am not used to in rock and roll. Besides, if one liked "Odessa," why didn't she mention "Black Diamonds?" She seems to be going through a phase of Dylan worship and for the time being should stick to him.

I'd like to see a nice spread on Led Zeppelin and their album, thank you, and tell Susan Eddy, in several ways, I agree with her. The Beatles are overestimated in ways. John Lennon, in particular seems to have lost all contact with reality, reference to "The Two Virgins" and "Unfinished Music No. 2 - Life With The Lions." "Beggars Banquet" was very well received by me, and well worth the \$3.19 I paid for it. Also "Bayou Country." Creedence Clearwater is not given enough exposure. Thank you for enlightening this teenybopper to something besides "bubblegum" music. I'm a much better person for it.

Margaret Sterrs
Window Rock, Arizona



Background Of

The description "supergroup" was coined before there was anyone to fit it. And by the time there was it had passed into disrepute, tagged on to any bunch of musicians garnered from an assortment of bands.

The pity of it is that in Blind Faith there is at last a group to restore the lustre of the title. A true meeting of four of the world's most exciting musicians.

Not that the group was a conscious decision. More the drifting together of old friends discovering that the time and the opportunity were both right. It seems entirely natural that Eric Clapton, Steve Winwood, Ginger Baker and Rick Grech should be playing together.

The germ of the idea was born in the enthusiasm of Eric Clapton and Steve Winwood to get together in a recording studio. It was nurtured in the leisurely jams at Eric's country home or at the whitewashed cottage on the Berkshire Downs where Steve retreats whenever possible.

Ginger Baker, like former lead guitarist Eric Clapton, was restless with the lull

after the storm of the Cream split, and began to sit in with his drums. They moved from the country to a low ceilinged recording studio in North London and confirmed what they already knew. It was very, very good.

But for Ginger and Eric, with fresh memories of the break-up of the hugely successful Cream, it was still the triangle that they had found unworkable.

The answer was Rick Grech. The electric bassist whose work with an electrified violin had established him in the upper flights of British musicians gave the added depth; meant that it was no longer a struggle to fill the gap left by a trio; there was time to lay back and let the ideas flow.

After two months of playing together daily, Blind Faith made their public debut in London's Hyde Park on June 7th, playing a Free Concert for an audience travelling by car, coach and rail from all parts of Britain, from the Continent, Scandinavia and even from behind the Iron Curtain. A reported crowd of over 100,000 people attended.

Then immediately to an eight-day tour of Scandinavia—a prelude to eight weeks and 24 concerts in the United States, leaving behind the group a trail of guarantees at the box office which established them in advance as the largest touring attraction in the music world.

Ironically the 'overnight' banding together could have happened three years ago when Steve Winwood was outgrowing Spencer Davis' band and forming Traffic. Eric and Steve did join briefly in a band called the Powerhouse which is available on the Elektra "What's Shakin'" album.

Clapton, at the time lead guitarist with John Mayall and fast becoming a legend, suggested that they should link. Steve says: "I thought it was a great idea,

but I had just got Traffic together and it was the wrong time. Eric and I had played a lot on the road, and had jammed often with Ginger."

Instead Eric and Ginger joined with Jack Bruce and set off on the three year history of Cream.

Now Eric, Steve and Ginger are back together with Rick. The three year gap meaning that the group is even more a



BLIND FAITH

meeting of some of the finest musical talent in the world.

And Blind Faith is the name they chose as an acknowledgment of the inspiration that they find in each other's work.

Eric Clapton is certainly the best white guitarist in the world, arguably the best, irrespective of colour, and among the top three of four by any measure. Ginger Baker says of him: "He is the ultimate blues guitarist."

Four years before he bowed out with the Cream in front of an ecstatic 22,000 strong crowd in New York's Madison Square Garden, he was the stuff from which legends are carved. His slashing, whining guitar style had won him legions of fans with John Mayall's Bluesbreakers. On the walls in London they were daubing the slogan "Clapton is God."

Eric Clapton is a slight young man of 24, given to dressing in bright velvet. He lives in a superb Spanish style mansion perched half-way on the Surrey hills. On a clear day he can see sixty miles to the English Channel.

He was training to be a stained glass designer at Kingston Art College when

his parents bought him his first acoustic guitar. It was only a matter of time before he dropped his school training.

Eric played first with The Roosters. They lasted two months and among those who came and went in that time were Brian Jones of the Rolling Stones, and Tom McGuinness and Paul Jones, later to join Manfred Mann.

He first came to prominence with The Yardbirds, who claimed among members Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page. But it was with John Mayall that he became accepted as a guitar virtuoso. But it was also with Mayall that he played with Ginger Baker, and formed the link that was to lead to Cream and Blind Faith.

Now accepted as a master of the instrument and the idiom Eric says: "Really I am a freak sideshow. An English kid playing the blues just doesn't fit. In any case I am not really any longer a blues guitarist. I went into Cream a blues guitarist and came out a rock and roll player."

The first of many astonishing things about Steve Winwood is that he is still barely 21 years old. Yet his musicianship is stamped with an authority far

beyond his years; and his singing bears the stamp of true genius.

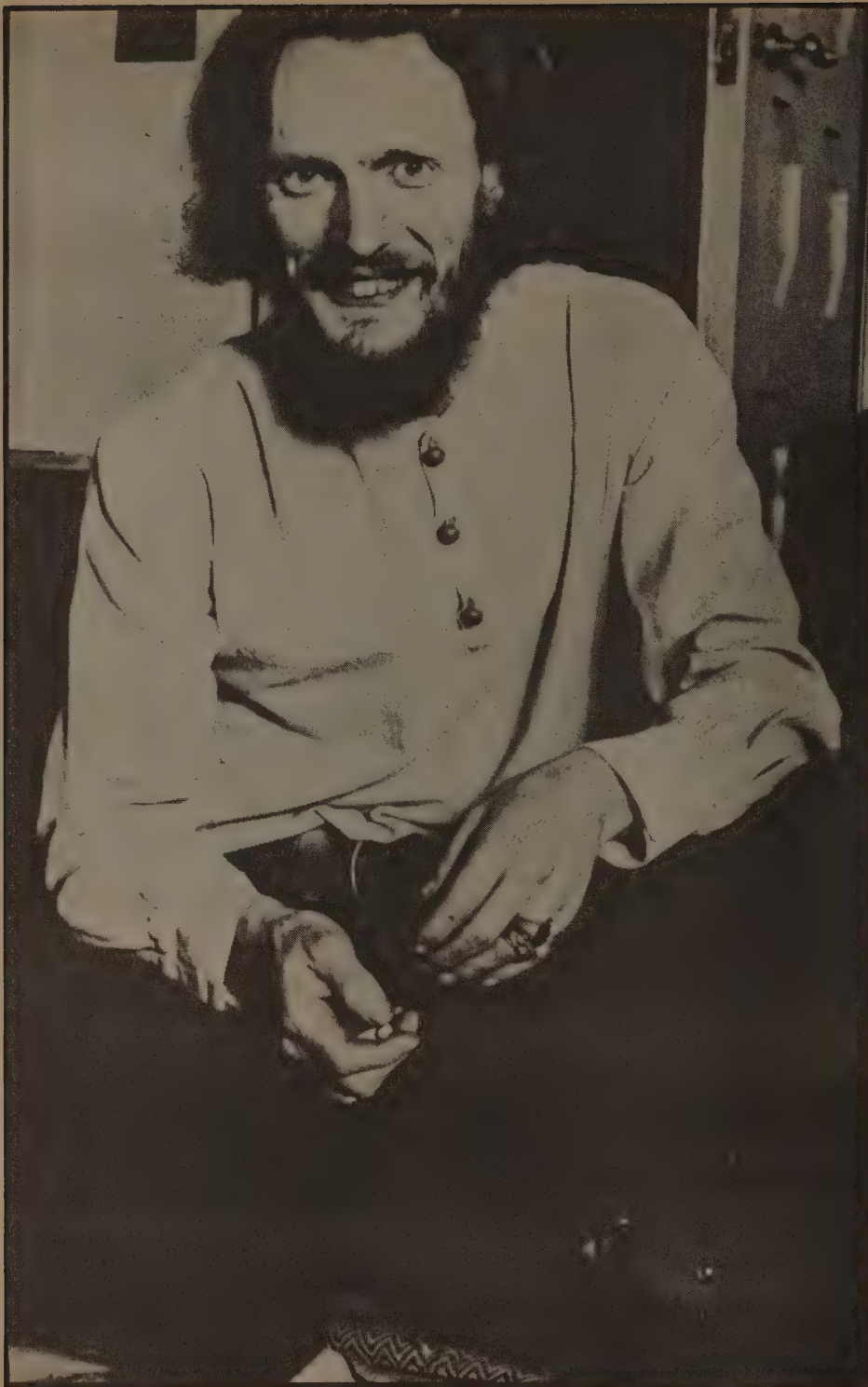
At the age of 14 he was playing with Spencer Davis in his home town of Birmingham. By 18 he had outgrown that and formed Traffic.

Like Eric Clapton and Ginger Baker he comes to Blind Faith from a band dogged by clashes of personality and musical direction. Like the other two he leaves behind him with his Traffic albums a record of a brilliant group.

He began playing music when he was six, starting with a piano. He was also singing in the church choir. "It was then that I first realized that a musician can always get some money together. I was getting 1 shilling for weddings," he remembers.

With Spencer Davis his piano playing had to take second place to a guitar, since most clubs, if they possessed a piano at all, had one in a desperate state.

Steve says: "It was by playing several instruments that I came to discover that I could not express myself on only one. A small part of me comes over with each different instrument."



His split from Spencer Davis began the awe with which he is held among musicians. He retired to his cottage with the other Traffic members and for months led the life almost of a hermit. When he emerged it was with a hit record "Paper Sun," and a band which was the equal of any.

His ability to play the organ, piano, guitar and occasional bass, together with his singing, stamp him at 21 as one of the outstanding musicians in the world.

GINGER BAKER

If there was an award for the most unforgettable sight in the music world,

it would be no contest. It is simply impossible to forget Ginger Baker, his orange hair knotted at the back, flailing away hand and foot at that mountain of drums and the ascending line of cymbals.

Ginger Baker, at 29, is the product of the hard school of experience. The bands he has played with run into double figures by a wide margin, he admits that "for about two years I just sat on the drums and played non-stop. I didn't care if I was on my own, I just used to play away."

He began as a commercial artist, while training to be a professional racing

cyclist. But a \$10 drum kit, and a passing taxi, finished his racing career and his bicycle. Five months later he had applied for his first full-time job in a traditional jazz band and left home.

Ginger played with everyone, often sitting in with three or four bands in the course of a night, progressing naturally through traditional jazz, into avant garde modern jazz, and returning via Graham Bond and then Cream to his position as the idol of every rock and roll drummer.

It was with the Graham Bond Band that Ginger evolved his technique with two bass drums. "I knew I had got good feet, in fact, I had got great feet. So I decided to get two bass drums different sizes. I told the idea to Keith Moon of The Who and he turned up the next week with them, before me" said Ginger.

His drumming now shows a control unmatched anywhere, and his composing demonstrates a deep musical understanding gained through many years of study.

RICK GRECH

Outside musical circles, 23 year-old Rick Grech is the least known of the four who make up Blind Faith. He will certainly come back from the United States accepted as a musical giant.

"The irony of it is that I might well not be a better guitarist. It is just that moving from a relatively unknown group to one where the attention is focused on you all the time means that you are likely to get recognition," says Rick.

Rick Grech comes from the hoisery city of Leicester. His father was a carpenter and joiner - and being also musical he hand-carved a violin. The upshot was that ten-year-old Rick found himself for the next five years studying the violin and playing in the Leicester Youth Orchestra.

At Art College he bought himself a cheap guitar, and with the aid of a few part time jobs, within a year he was calling himself a professional musician.

His five years with Family established him as Britain's finest exponent of electrified violin, pushing the new sound to frontiers never before established.

It was two days before Family left for their first tour of the United States that Steve Winwood, who he had met again on a session, invited him to Eric's to play. The invitation to join the group was immediate, although time was so short that Rick traveled on most of the Family tour while they sought a replacement for him.

Rick said: "Of course it is nerve shattering to play with three of the greats. Don't think it is not easier to say 'No thank you.'" The whole concept has changed from my playing with Family to playing with Eric, Steve and Ginger. I am still playing myself in at the moment. □



The Gypsy Sun **JIMI HENDRIX**

Jimi Hendrix is about to shed some of his Experience. His next three albums will not feature either bass guitarist Noel Redding or drummer Mitch Mitchell. He will, however, continue to appear with the Experience on all live concert gigs.

In a recent interview — the first which Hendrix had agreed to in 1969 —

the 26-year-old Seattle born guitar master said: "The group isn't breaking up because we'll continue to work together on gigs."

Hendrix was in good humor and seemed pleased to talk about anything we cared to mention during the interview. He said that he'd been spending his time thinking, daydreaming, making

love, being loved, making music, and digging every single sunset.

"I plan to use different people at my sessions from now on, their names aren't important. You wouldn't know them anyway. It really bugs me man that there are so many people starving, musicians who are twice as good as the big names. I want to try and

do something about that.

"I feel guilty when people say I'm the greatest guitarist on the scene. What's good or bad doesn't matter to me; what does matter is feeling and not feeling. If only people would take more of a true view, and think in terms of feeling. Your name doesn't mean a damn, it's your talent and feeling that matters. You've got to know much more than just the technicalities of notes, you've got to know sounds and what goes between the notes."

Hendrix made it abundantly clear that he is fed up with people constantly expecting things of him. "I don't try to live up to anything anymore," he said, laughing at his new-found freedom. "I was always trying to run away from it. When you first make it, the demands on you are very great. For some people, they are just too heavy. You can just sit back, fat and satisfied."

"Everyone has that tendency and you've got to go through a lot of changes to come out of it."

"Really, I'm just an actor — the only difference between me and those cats in Hollywood is that I write my own script. I consider myself first and foremost a musician. My initial success was a step in the right direction, but it was only a step, just a change. It was only a part of the whole thing, now I plan to get into many other things."

The current clash between body and beat was bound to come in Hendrix' colorful and erotic career. The Hendrix, we all first saw — all dashing and devastating and sizzingly defiant — was an image maker's dream. The way he performed it looked as though every twitch of the busy eyebrows, every thrust of the velvet-panted knee, every shake of the tousled hair, had been meticulously formulated by a bunch of assorted PR and promotion types. His act, with the biting of the guitar strings and the complete overshadowing of all that had gone down before in rock, was as precise as a missile countdown. He whipped the audience into a frenzy and left them as limp as a rose on a boiling summers' day.

Initially it wasn't so much that he was a skilled guitarist. No one really seemed to notice, they were too busy digging his freaky almost unlawful aura and his wild uninhibited stage act.

On his most recent North American tour, Hendrix tried vainly to take his audiences through the same sort of changes that he'd been through. He did some of the anthems — the Hey Joe's the Purple Haze's, the Foxy Lady's — but he also tried to work in a lot of the more complex and intricate things from Electric Ladyland. But in many cases the audiences were apathetic towards the guitar gymnastics.

"Yeah," said Hendrix, when I mentioned the matter, "But instead of getting mad, we have to talk a little more, sometimes a little more than we really want to."

"When it all comes down to it, albums are nothing but personal diaries. When you hear somebody making music, they are baring a naked part of their soul to you. Are You Experienced? was one of the most direct albums we've done. What it was saying was 'let us get through wall, man, we want you to dig it.' But later, when we got into other things, people couldn't understand the changes. The trouble is, I'm a schizophrenic in at least 12 different ways, and people can't get to it."

"Sure, albums come out different. You can't go on doing the same thing."

Everyday you find out this and that, and it adds to the total you have. Are You Experienced? was where my head was at a couple of years ago. Now I'm into different things."

One of the things which Jimi is into very deeply these days is the relationship between the earth and sun and people. "There's a great need for harmony between man and earth. I think we're really screwing up that harmony, by dumping garbage in the sea, and air pollution and all that stuff."

"And the sun is very important; it's what keeps everything alive. My next album, coming out in late summer, will be called Shine on Earth, Shine On, or Gypsy Sun. The Christmas album will be called First Rays of the New Rising Sun."





"There might also be a couple of other albums in between. A live album which we cut at the Royal Albert Hall in London, and a Greatest Hits thing. But I have no control over that sort of thing. All I know is that I'm working on my next album for late summer release.

"We have about 40 songs in the works, about half of them completed. A lot of it comprises jams - all spiritual stuff, all very earthy.

Not long ago, a report that Hendrix planned to quit pop for a year went the rounds. The report suggested that Hendrix was fed up with it all and wanted to get away for a rest and to get himself together.

"I couldn't possibly take a year off," he said. "Even though I am very tired. In reality, I might get a month off somewhere but there's no way for a year. I spend a lot of time trying to get away but I can't stop thinking about music. It's in my mind every second of the day. I can't fight it so I groove with it. Although he may not be taking off for

any significant length of time, Hendrix does have one big trip in mind. "I'm gonna go to Memphis, Egypt," he said, in a curious tone. "I had a vision and it told me to go there. I'm always having visions of things and I know that it's building up to something really major."

"I think religion is just a bunch of 'crap.' It's only man-made stuff, man trying to be what he can't. And there's so many broken-down variations. All trying to say the same thing but they're so cheeky, all the time adding in their own bits and pieces. Right now, I'm working on my own religion, which is life.

"People say I'm this and I'm that, but I'm not. I'm just trying to push the natural arts--rhythm, dancing, music. Getting all together is my thing."

It was inevitable that we should get around to discussing other musicians and other groups, and Hendrix appeared more than ready to pass expert judgment.

Blood, Sweat & Tears - "I think it's a bit pretentious. But with hard work, they'll get out of that. Right now, it's very plastic, a very shiny sound. All the music is written out, and you can see so much of the endless circle in it. They're trying to prove to themselves that they're very heavy. But I do think their intentions are good. One day they'll find themselves."

Crosby, Stills and Nash - "I really dig them. They've often right into their own thing. They have a great awareness of themselves, I think they're really great."

Iron Butterfly - "They're really trying man, I like them for the fact that they are trying."

Stevie Winwood - "I think he's great."

Blind Faith - "Their name tells me what they're gonna do."

Creedence Clearwater Revival - "I think they're very good, and I hope to stick to what they're into. I can hear a spiritual aura in what they're doing. I hope they don't lose it.

"I like Dylan and all the other people, but you can't play them all the time. You have to learn to understand things like that. I like records of Bach and Handel and Sly and the Family Stone, they're really getting to be themselves."

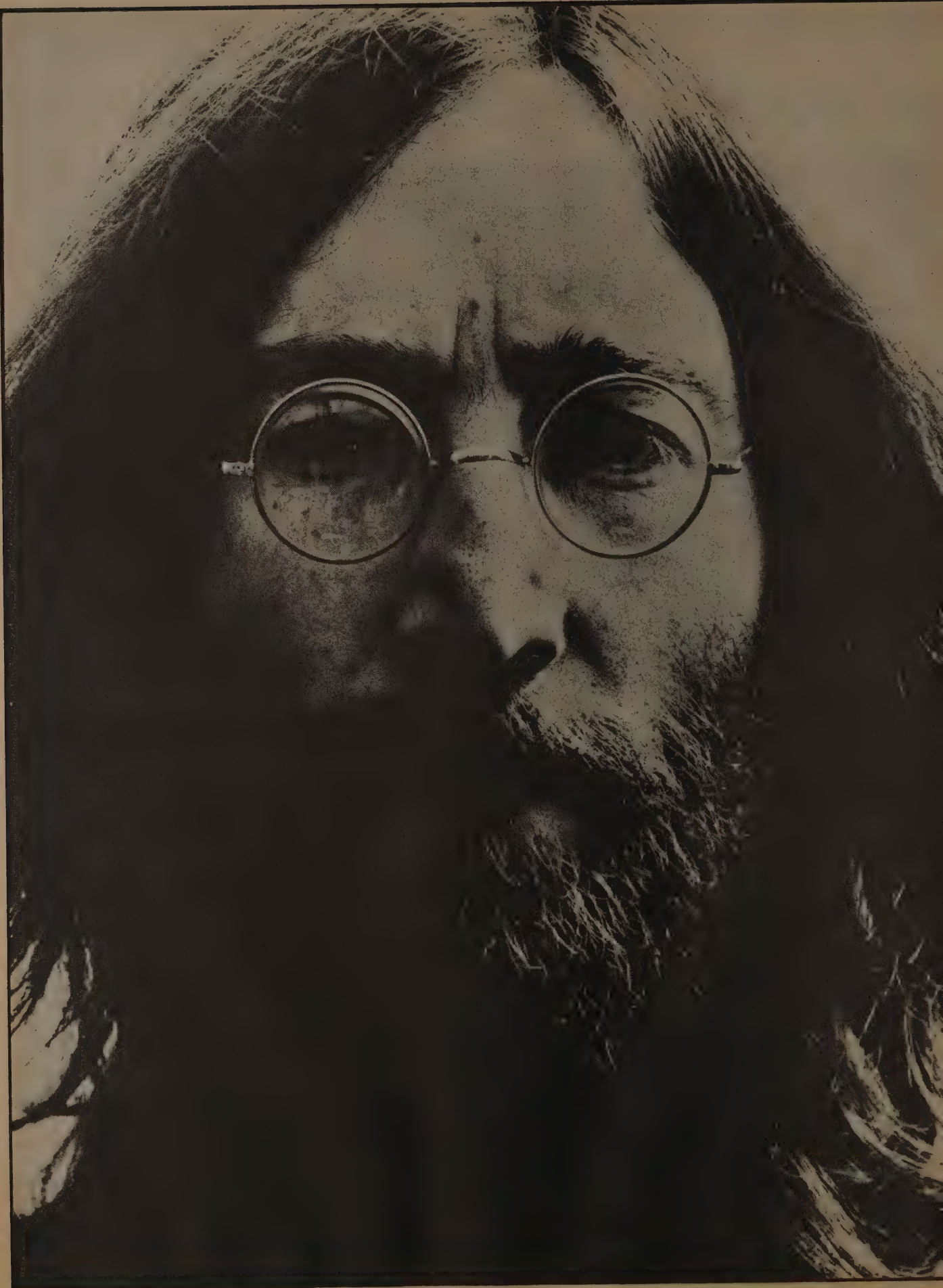
On pop in general, Hendrix said he would like to see Dylan get back into it. "I think too many people are getting on bandwagons. Now is the time to do your own thing. You know, man, sometimes I can't stand to hear myself because it sounds like everyone else. I don't want to be in that rat race."

Hendrix is not really knocked out by current moves to link up rock and classics. "To each his own," he said, "In another life, the people who are trying to do it may have been Beethoven or one of those cats. But this is a rock'n'roll era, so the people get into rock. Every era has its own music.

"What I don't like is this business of trying to classify people. Leave us alone. Critics really give me a pain in the neck. It's like shooting a flying saucer as it tries to land without giving the occupants a chance to identify themselves. You don't need labels man, just dig what's happening."

I suggested to Jimi that he seemed to be a lot happier than he used to be. "Yeah man, and I'm getting more happy all the time. I see myself getting through all the drastic changes, getting into better things. I like to consider myself timeless. After all, it's not how long you've been around or how old you are that matters; it's how many miles you've travelled.

"A couple of years ago all I wanted was to be heard. 'Let me in' was the thing. Now man, I'm trying to figure out the wisest way to be heard." □
ritchie yorke



JOHN LENNON

A Natural High

The sun burns brightly through the Savile Row window and it's a hot and sticky busy day at Apple, with Yoko hammering away at the electric typewriter and John Lennon in conversation and all the while the beautiful No. 1 smash sound of an unreleased Lennon song called "Give Peace A Chance," soaring and thumping around the room.

A statement of fact is that this record will sell several million and that, like "All You Need Is Love," it will echo like an anthem across the world.

A pleasant and intriguing Irishman named Cecil McCartney has been in, not to claim some long-forgotten Beatles' relationship but to talk about war and peace and his loathing for the fiery death they call Napalm.

Lennon has been inspired and the result is that several hundred plastic children's dolls have been bought and now await mutilation and destruction in a grisly protest burning in London's Kings Road the following day. One of them lies on the table, naked and pink and innocent and with its feeding bottle aloft.

"We're only at the beginning of selling our peace product," John is saying, "and I think and I hope it's beginning to work."

"Yoko and I can only go on the reactions we get from people when we're going down the streets together - of course."

"I know we don't get people really against us. Some of them do give us a dirty look, but the others... bus drivers and lorry drivers and that... some of them say 'Ow yer doin'?' and 'Good luck,' and all that stuff."

"The way I see it is, even if they don't get the gist of us, or why are those people hammering in nails or staying in bed... they know we're in favor of peace. They know what we stand for."

"This is only the start of the campaign. And they'll soon all know our message, and what we're trying to say."

"Sure, I know we've been criticized by some papers. But you know some of these journalists and people talk as if they feel they represent somebody."

"One journalist might think we need more communication... but that's unfortunate. They must get out of the habit - newspaper men and pop stars, anybody - must talk for themselves."

"I mean, how does one journalist know how most people feel? O.K., so the people in his office might agree with him. But how many straights does he know - how many people that aren't boozy journalists?"

I nod, swigging swiftly at the bottle of whiskey I whip from my pocket in a sudden secretive swoop.

"In the same way, I can only judge from my side in that how many straights do I know besides at Apple, or those I meet? I can only judge the reaction I get by people waving or sending me letters. And that happens."

"Sure, Yoko and I both know the criticism about us spending \$4,000 at the Hilton on a bed-in when we could spend it feeding babies in Biafra."

"The situation is, I've done that as

well - the charity bit. And I respect the sentiments behind charity, and I will continue to do things like that. But it doesn't solve the problem."

"It's like nursing the cancer after somebody's got it. There's a lot of cancer to be cured. But it still doesn't stop research. And we look on what we're trying to do for peace as research - to prevent Biafra happening next time."

"I could give all my money to Biafra, and maybe a few thousand kids would be safe for that day. But the war would still go on. I'm using my money as an overall campaign to advertise the cause of peace."

"You know, these people who criticize... what are they doing? You've got to remember — all of you — that this is me and Yoko's best effort. It's with both of our minds.

"So if any of you out there can think of a better idea, then we'll do that. But until you come up with an alternative, and not just why don't you give it to the spastics and not the deaf then we'll stick to the way we are.

"The thing about trying to bring change is that everybody in the world sits back and blames everybody else. The whole human race is like that.

"We vote people into Parliament to run the Government for us, and then we sit back and claim how badly they're doing it. We always use a scapegoat, and the whole system's just like that.

"Everybody sits in the armchair and says Harold Wilson did this and Harold Wilson did that... but it's our fault, not Harold Wilson's."

He picks up the pink doll and pulls its plastic arm out of the socket, and pauses for a moment and looks at the table and listens as Yoko speaks rapid Japanese into the telephone.

"Once," I told him, "you used to frighten the hell out of me. There was a time when I'd expect your next words to be 'you four-eyed git.' Now, I find myself more at ease in your company: you're far more mellow."

He tries to push the doll's arm back into place as he says:

"That's because I'm more myself now. I'm introverted and in saying that, it would have been to prevent you saying 'four-eyed git' to me.

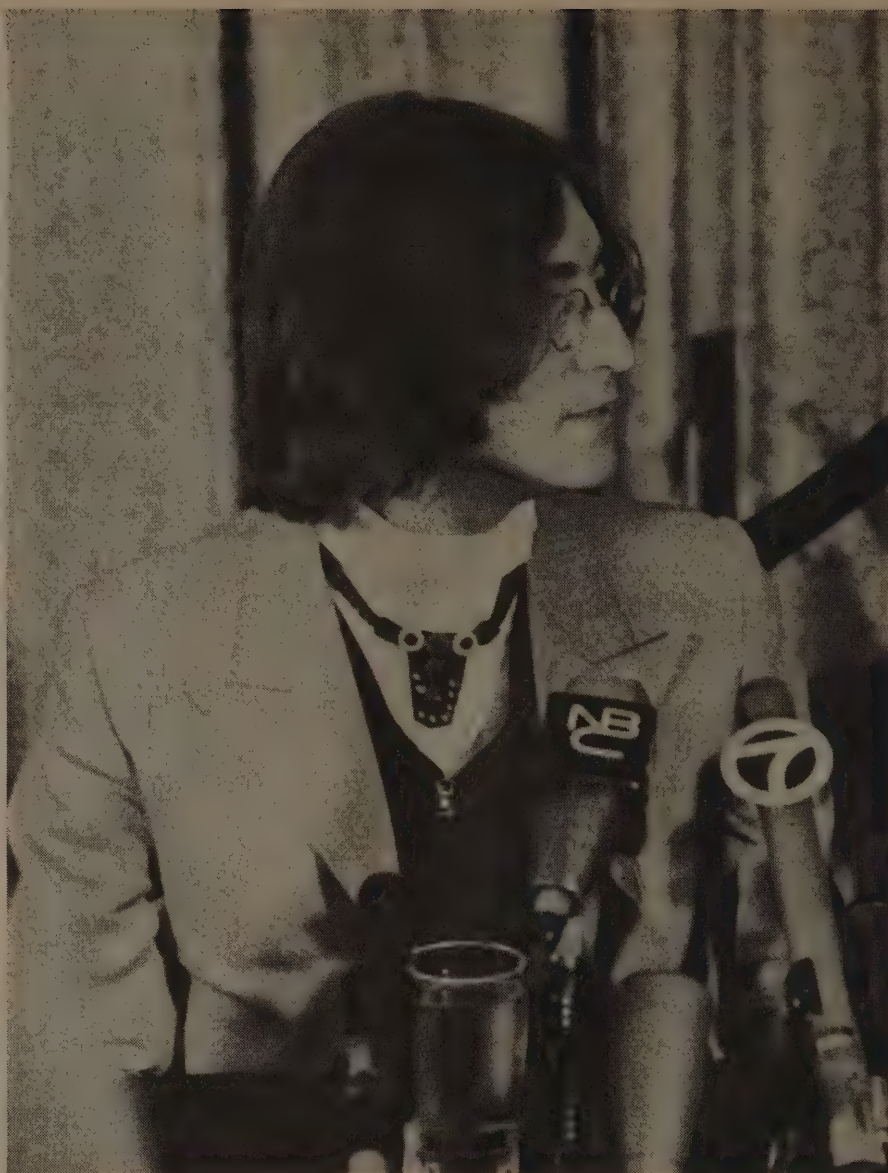
"It's just a case of simple games. . . . The Games People Play. It's just that. I had the game of aggression. Aggression was my defense. As soon as somebody came near me, I'd make the first punch. If they couldn't handle that then maybe I'd be cruel — or maybe I'd be kind.

"Now, I'm relaxed enough to be myself and be less frightened of what people are going to say. Another thing is when I didn't wear glasses I used to be more uninhibited. In Hamburg, for instance, when I could never see the audience — I'd just get carried away on my own."

He looks around for a prying instrument and then he puts down the baby's arm and takes hold of the feeding bottle, and then he tries to jam the bottle into the empty armpit. He doesn't say anything, but he gets it in, in the end — one arm, one feeding bottle.

"The thing about performing now, is," he says, "we still just don't agree on it. We're just four middle-aged teenagers, who don't agree on it.

"We're all professional musicians, sure, but musicians aren't necessarily performers. I mean, I'd go out. But



you're talking to me, and the Beatles, as such, don't want to go out on the road. I don't mind... having a bed-in is being out on the road as far as I'm concerned.

"I think George and Ringo don't really fancy it, but I don't want to point a finger at them and say they're the reason. Maybe there's also a little something inside me saying the same thing.

"Singing in front of an audience and playing, I'd enjoy. But the rest of it all... that's the problem. Maybe in ten years... like Elvis... who knows."

He takes hold of the spare arm and he pulls it and presses it and moulds it to a pliable plastic.

"I'm happy with life," he answers me, "as happy as anybody can be. The only blots are violence and war and starvation and all that. You can't be happy with all that going on.

"If I have a good percentage of happiness, it's because I'm grateful for life, and I'm in love and I'm happy with

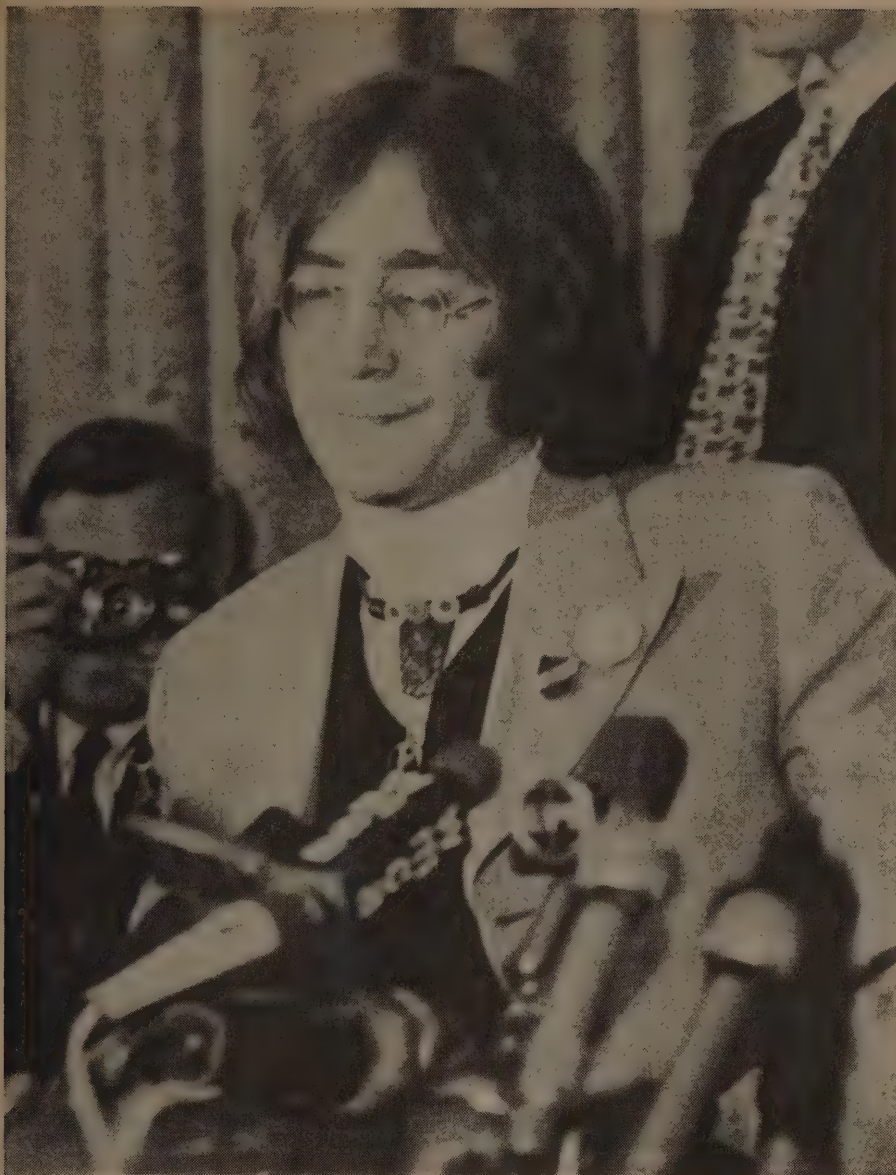
my wife and I thank God for it. And all that bit.

"In fighting and doing my bit for peace, I don't believe that thing that man will always fight because it's in his nature. That's just the Establishment, for thousands of years, telling us that.

"They say that because it suits the Establishment, it suits the military, to tell us we're all basically soldiers. We're just as much non-violent as we are violent. It's all that 'be a man my son' thing we get, and 'you wouldn't be here today if it wasn't for me, my son.' 'I fought'.... you know the whole thing.

"I believe you can use music as some sort of a platform to bring people together, but so can you use dancing and painting and even walking and all of the media."

Musically, adds John Lennon, the Beatles have more than ever before to say, and they have one album ready and another one halfready.



"The Beatles' album that's ready is like an unfinished rehearsal for that show that we never did. It's the Beatles' show that never was. There's bits of dialogue on it and 'Get Back's' the most finished tune. So you can imagine what some of it's like.

"We've no date for it yet, because there's a book with it and that's not ready yet. There is another album, and that's by John and Yoko — and that's also got a book with it. It's like a wedding album. And it's great.

"In all this new Beatles' stuff there's obviously McCartney hits there. . . . and there's one beautiful ballad called 'Let It Be' which is a cert for somebody. A cert. And there's quite a few cert hits on for other people."

He twists the doll's arm inside out and looks down at it with some satisfaction.

"I think Apple's running much better," he says. "I don't know if you can tell. We're rectifying the past mis-

takes. Clearing up. It's also been convenient for people to leave at this time. I like that expression: 'Convenient to leave at this time.'

"I'd like Apple to be more commercial — sure. I'd like it to be economically viable. I don't care about respect. We'd still like to attract talent, but we want it to be self-contained and to be able to look after itself.

"In the past, all we got when we said 'Come to Apple' was people who'd been turned down everywhere else.

"At the moment, there's only really us and Mary Hopkins as names on Apple, although George's done some good stuff with Billy Preston and I think he's got good possibilities."

It is time to go and he smiles warmly and proffers the inside-out doll's arm, with its hand which now faces in the wrong direction. I get the impression he only now appreciates the subconscious havoc he has piled upon it.

These days, John Lennon is happy to talk but not to drop himself into some new, fresh drag of controversy. And on some topics, he's become pleasantly and likeably evasive in the way that only Paul McCartney has really developed to a fine art.

He told me: "There's one film idea we're interested in, but I'm not telling you what it is.

"There's certainly hope for us doing another film. . . . it's being kicked around. The only reason I don't want to talk is that other people are naturally involved and I don't want to screw 'em up.

"Anyway, we got a fantastic film out of making our next LP. It really is incredible. . . . just the sweat and strain of four guys making an LP. It's being pared down to about four hours. It could make a major movie.

"About our music. . . . these characters who talk about us progressing, or not, really want a mind their own business. Progressing to what?

"Music is music. All these characters complain about us and Dylan not being progressive, but we're the ones that turned them on to the other stuff — so let 'em take our word for it. This is music, baby.

"When we feel like changing, then fine.

"It's the same with this other half album we're into, the one after the next. This'll probably please the critics a bit more, because we got tired of being sort of just strumming along forever. We got a bit into production again.

"I tell you, this next Beatles' album is really something. So tell the arm-chair people to hold their tongues and wait. 'Shutup and listen,' that's the answer. And remember. . . . there can be just as much complexity in one note as there can be in any symphony or 'Sergeant Pepper.'

"Not that I'm interested in classical music. I think it's history, and I'm not interested in history, only as a hobby. I'm interested in *now*. And the future."

About America: "I can't disguise that to get my visa back means a lot. A lot. I need to go there, for business at least. I'll just have to keep trying.

"Anyway, these days I don't take drugs, alcohol or meat. They all interfere with my head. And that's straight. Or sugar. . . . I think it's all bad.

"These days, I'm completely macrobiotic. I know it sounds strange, but it's great. . . . and it keeps you high all the time.

"You don't just get high now and then, this way. . . . you're permanently high." □ alan smith

CREDENCE CLEARWATER REVIVAL TOM, STU and DOUG

HP: What kind of music did you hear as a kid?

John: The music that we heard even before we started listening to R&B were our parents' old records like "It's A Long Way To Tipararee." That was a record they bought. It had a pleasing melody. We played "Tubby The Tuba." We liked that. That was the music that was around the house. "San Antonio Rose" I thought was an obscure record. I read now that it was a giant hit.

The first records that were ever given to me were Tex Ritter — "Red River Valley." My mom gave them to me when I was about four years old and said "These are for you." Wow! "Red River Valley" that was my song.

Blues, we're trying to call it a music. That's like trying to call America a race. It's scattered. There's a blue feeling that comes from the Blue Devils. I've got the bad spirits, I got the Blue Devils, I got the blues. Everybody feels them and each culture puts it out in a certain way. I think the same kind of sad and happy at the same time. Not that I'm happy to be sad kind of thing, it's more like I'm sad and I'm gonna talk about that and maybe it'll make me feel good.

HP: French singers get into melancholy but it's far removed from the melancholy of blues as we think of it.

Tom: Melancholy deals with sophisticated love whereas blues just has the pure physical emotional love. Just plain, "she left me."

Stu: Now you're talking about the music again rather than the feeling.

Tom: No. Because that's how the man actually feels too. It isn't on this whole level of love vs. sex.

John: Sophisticated music is musical blues because nobody really lives in Ivory Towers kind of feeling. Everybody likes to see it on the screen but when you got the blues you're not thinking, yeah, this is the part Clark Gable played in that movie. When you feel bad, you feel bad for you and you can identify a lot easier to B. B. King than Clark Gable. That whole trip (the 30's and Cole Porter, etc.), they really did it on a level of the white man seeing the black blues kind of thing. I could just picture this cat at the piano in a tuxedo writing a tune and his hair's in place and everything.

Tom: The ghetto blues, if a guy's woman really loves him, that's his whole world. The only thing he had was her and if she leaves

then it's all over. A melancholy song might be, "Well, my girls leaving me, but I've at least got some bread and I'll find another chick somehow." There's a line there, but it's not simply money that makes it different. It's a way of life that's different.

John: But it's not just black people.

Stu: It's absurd to think that only black people have the blues.

Tom: Did you hear that Albert King album? He calls them the pinks and the reds.

HP: Yeah, and the baby crying for his bottle.

Stu: Right. It doesn't make any difference who it is.

Doug: Even that new disease called "the blahs" that they're pushing. That happens to every cat in the world. Victims of progress. (laughter)

John: But that's true. White people are making a huge culture out of black blues now. Even the Irish situation now in Ireland. Anywhere you'll find the downtrodden, the outcasts, the ghettos. They're the ones who sing with that kind of emotion. They're in a situation that they can't do anything about and it comes out in their music. We're all human beings, all promiscuous, all steal, all get robbed. Same frustrations, so they sing about the same thing. The imagery might be different, the language or the words — but they feel the same things. Even the medieval English ballads. But you always can find humor in it which is beautiful. Especially black blues.

Tom: Sure, they're all in the same boat.

John: I don't pretend to be a professor studying the situation "aha-here we have a tribal gathering," I only know what I lived. It wasn't terrible at all for me. I've never starved for two weeks. My hardships are mental. It's really the same thing to be hung up in your head. That's why I can identify with black blues. Then, of course, you have someone really slick come along and play so-called blues. It's easy to distinguish between good and bad blues.

Tom: You can sense the depth in Howlin' Wolf's blues. He's paid a few dues. I get the feeling from Wolf's music that if he took his shirt off, he'd have scars on his back. He pulls all my sympathy out.

Stu: Did you hear what Chess did to Wolf? Wow. They shoved him into a Cream thing. Of course, Cream never said they were a blues band but they incorporated that into Wolf's thing. I saw a photo of Wolf at the ses-

sion. He's sitting there with his head in his hands like he's saying "What in hell am I doing?" It's terrible. We played a show with him in Los Angeles and man it was a real treat. He just played the old blues. Too much. Some guys wanted to jam with him after. They got there and turned up their amps and tried to get into some slide guitar stuff. Wolf packed up and went home. He was there to play music.

HP: Is there anything valid going on with the country music revival in California?

Tom: It's being treated like a folk rock thing — all the rage.

John: Right. We're shying away from that. We're not going on anybody else's trip ever again.

HP: Are you in total control of everything?

John: Yes. I'd say so. We certainly don't play things we don't want to play.

HP: Who chose to release "Proud Mary" as a single?

John: The company did. I wanted it to be our fourth single, but they said don't wait. I wanted "Good Golly Miss Molly." But it was a wise choice because they said no, you'll just get bagged as a group that plays the old songs. Now that was beautiful. They had our interest at heart. That's intelligent advice. We all dug "Proud Mary" anyway. Tom: Our relationship with Fantasy Records is a beautiful thing. We were nowhere and Saul Szantz, the owner of Fantasy, is on our side.

John: He believes in honest music too.

HP: How do you prepare a song for recording?

John: Usually when we play a song a few months in person, we have the song all worked out. We want our records to be the best average of what we do in person. We try to make the record perfect because it's a lasting performance.

HP: Do you do a lot of overdubbing?

John: No. Our idea of overdubbing is to make the record cleaner. That's all we really need.

HP: You put the vocal on last.

John: Right. If you have the amps up high, it will go through the vocal mike and have the wrong echo. Sometimes I just don't feel like



singing if an instrumental thing is really cooking. I usually sing, though when we're cutting the instrumentals. So we can all follow the song, I re-do the vocal later.

Stu: "Graveyard Train" had a bunch of separations. It's a good thing it wasn't a cooking song because we couldn't get together on it. We all sat behind glass.

John: I even sat down to do that one. I sang from a music sheet with cues for myself written out. The lights were down and I just sat there, like being in my room when I was a little kid. I couldn't even see the other guys. Just me and the mike in the darkness. I had to keep my guitar from coming into the vocal mike, and I had to pick up a harmonica and play that too. It was very awkward. We couldn't do that on a cooking song like "Good Golly Miss Molly."

HP: You seemed to be very concerned with the sound of your guitar. Are you satisfied with your own sound?

John: I had a dream about ten years ago. The neatest dream since I was four when I dreamed about Flash Gordon. This was a musical dream, like a song the Beatles do that changes speed and they just scream away. Anyway, there were a hundred acoustic guitars in this dream all hitting an E chord. Just hitting that chord. Everybody was together, just hitting those 600 strings, making them sing. Man, I woke up and I've been trying to write a song for it ever since. Someday I'll do it, maybe use 50 overdubs to get that ringing sound. Two guitars together make

an incredible ring. Especially if one is tuned to the chord. The Everly Brothers did that. That really psyched me out. Just all those guitars ringing. I only knew that one chord, at the time.

Tom: "Good Golly" works on the same principle. John sings the lead twice, but because of the human facts; it doesn't come out exactly the same. Through stereo earphones you can hear a little edge where the voices weren't perfectly together. It has a real round sound. I'd love to hear those hundred guitars myself.

HP: Your songs seem to deal with southern romanticism. Where did that influence come from?

John: Everybody I dug was from there. Elvis, Carl Perkins. It was all through music. I didn't go for Roy Rogers or any cowboy things.

HP: Can you think of a particular song that might have kicked it off?

John: Yeah. "Red River Valley." It's similar to "Proud Mary." I could really see the Red River Valley in that old song. In the valley you didn't have to worry about all the commotion outside. Of course, I dug "Shoo Fly Pie" too. I sang that when I was four. Everything I dug had that western-southern thing. If I could live wherever I wanted, it would be in a situation like that.

HP: Does anybody in the band feel restricted by John's musical thing?

All: No, no.

Stu: To me it's not a southern thing. It's just music.

John: It doesn't come out of me any other way. I don't roll my own or anything. It's just music. I didn't sit down and practice a drawl. I wasn't born there and I don't particularly like hominy grits.

Tom: He doesn't live it. He's a very modern cat.

John: But I always wanted to be a cowboy when I was a kid.

Tom: Like John Philips wrote the best song about the flower thing in San Francisco. The real good part of it when the love thing just started. Philips didn't live in San Francisco, but he wrote a song about it and captured it. Beautiful. He just felt something from it without really being there.

John: Yeah. It's a pretty universal longing. I was in Fort Bragg at boot camp and I felt that song. It pulled me all the way across the country.

Tom: People from all over the world felt it.

HP: How did you feel about the Mississippi River to write "Proud Mary?"

John: I think the river could have been Park Ave. It doesn't matter. If I was Cole Porter, the river would have been Park Avenue. It's just where you come from. I identified with the river. I feel romantic about it even though I know it's a bummer for a lot of people. That area is one of the worst poverty areas in America. (Solomon Burke's version gives this point of view - Ed.) To me there's something soothing about a pilot boat on the river.



L. to R. Stu Cook, Tom Fogerty, Doug Clifford, John Fogerty

HP: Is Creedence built around bass and drums?

John: That's essentially the bottom for any rock band. That's the constant, solid thing — the foundation and you build around it.

Doug: John sets the mood for me. I go from John. He usually gets the rhythm feel going and I pick it up on drums.

John: When I'm writing music, I think bass and drums first. Like when I driving my car, I'll be singing doom, doom, doom or bappa, bappa, bop. That starts the songs. Everything else comes later.

HP: When you have what you consider a complete song, how do you work it out with the band?

John: As I write the words, I'm also writing the melody and the bass line and drum part. It all happens at once. I don't actually write it, it all happens in my head.

Stu: He leaves a lot of room too. He'll tell me to play a certain bass line but I can improvise on it.

Doug: It's all feeling. He'll run down a song and tell us it's got this kind of feel. We also do things we think best.

Tom: If we come up with something right John will say fine.

John: Right. As we go along I'll be specific less and less. We're all learning we have to learn. I want to hear them get it the most comfortable way first before I decide whether or not to dump it. I make sure I hear it the way I felt it in my head before I decide it's good or bad. I want them to come up with ideas too because I wouldn't be taking advantage of their knowledge.

HP: Before you started recording, were you performing original songs on live gigs?

John: Oh yeah. We had 90% original material when we first formed the group. Mostly instrumental. There wasn't much happening lyrically in those days.

HP: Most white groups then started off on the "Wipe Out", "Pipe Line" type of songs. Did you start with that?

John: Sure. I remember we learned instrumentals off of albums that nobody knew. We also did "Bulldog" and "Rawhide." We could never find records that had parts we wanted to play. So we wrote our own stuff. The instrumentals were all the same — sort of Duane Eddy-ish. When "Pipeline" came along, we played it as a copout. We had nothing else to play. We did it tongue in cheek. That little riff that tumbles down with a hollow sound.

Tom: We did our best to stay away from Surf music. Everybody was doing it.

John: That would destroy us. We'd just finish a great song of our own and somebody would come up and ask if we knew "Wipe Out." First we'd say "no" as a joke. We played a lot of drunken frat parties and it was amazing how many people were digging it because we were just laughing at it. We weren't all that great at the time, but we threw in mistakes on purpose, change the drum beat and play it too fast or slow. It was really nonsense that kind of music.

HP: What happened that white kids started to feel music deeper?

John: I listened to real blues first, like Howlin' Wolf. Even Clyde McPhatter with the Drifters was rhythm and blues. Then Chubby Checker came along. Now c'mon. There's a big difference between Wolf and Chubby. Blues isn't just notes it's a whole sound and culture. Like fuzz and wah-wah are just faddy things. Nothing to do with blues. In five years we'll be saying, 'Hey, remember those wah-wah pedals.'

HP: Do you go into the studio fully prepared?

Have you ever written a song in the studio?

John: I can't write in the studio. It's twice as hard if you have nothing in mind. I can't

do that in three hours time. I could put something on sheet music and say it's a song, but there wouldn't be anything in it. A lot of that stuff gets on the radio though.

Tom: The Stones don't work that way any more either because they found it didn't work.

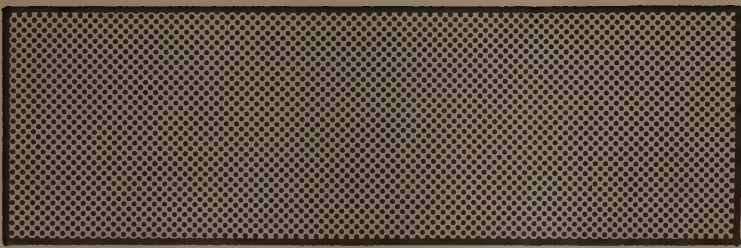
John: You can tell the Stones' song quality fluctuates a lot more than the Beatles. No, that doesn't work at all for us. I might say, 'hey, play this bass line, Stu.'

Stu: Sure, it might be a great part, but I'd need a long time to perfect it so it would be a good lasting performance on record.

John: In the studio, you're running against the clock so you say, 'hey, that's great,' but when you get home you figure it could have been better. If something's good it needs time. It will stay good for three weeks, or a year. It's timeless if it's good. That's what we're aiming for. We always know what we'll do before going into the studio. For the same reason we steer clear of fads like fuzz and wah-wah. It's been used, well, a couple of times, but it's going to go out. We want our music to last a while, be part of a continuous thread. Stay on the main line rather than go off on side trips. The basis of our thing is country blues and it might always be. Blues is blues anywhere. It's the most straightforward way to say anything that's on your mind. The one-four-five chords. Even Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, figured it out that those chords are the most pleasing to the ear. He figured it out mathematically.

Stu: Yeah there was a beautiful article on that in Scientific American magazine. Imagine, even the ancient Greeks were hip to it.

John: That chord progression is thousands of years old. It's a circle. Twelve bar blues. The most obvious one of course is the drone, the chord that never changes — a bagpipe or a chant. That's the basis of music for people all over the world. Here today, we're simply carrying it on. □ jim delehant



The Creedence Rhythm Section

DOUG CLIFFORD/
CREEDENCE DRUMMER

When I was in the eighth grade, I saw a TV spectacular with Gene Krupa. He really inspired me. I don't play anything like Krupa, but he turned me on to drums. That's what I wanted to do. Stu was my best friend in school and he was taking piano lessons. We met John who was looking for a piano player and I said I could play drums even though I didn't at the time. But we got together and I practiced a lot. I never had any desire to do anything else. I have to pound my frustrations out of the drums. It's a perfect outlet for me.

I do a lot of things with John. I embellish his riffs. We get a syncopation thing going we'll start and end riffs together. I've always listened to John because the other instruments were hard to hear. So I'm more attuned to melody.

I do basic things with my foot on the bass drum along with Stu's bass. I used the cymbal to embellish John. The rhythm thing, the backbeat, comes from my bass pedal foot working with Stu. Just pick that drum.

I use Camco drums. To me, they're pretty much all the same. Camco is old but they're new. Sort of like us. They make great accessories - very

simple, inexpensive, and well built. The drums are finished well and they're heavy - very sturdy. They've even finished inside and they project more. I've used all the major brands but I like these best.

STU COOK/
CREEDENCE BASSIST

I started off as a piano player, but I ended up on bass, that's John however playing piano on "Good Golly." I played two bass parts on that. We couldn't carry a piano around all the time and it got to be a hassle. Sometimes the piano had to be amplified and we didn't have the equipment to do it. If there was a piano available half the keys didn't work.

So I switched to a bass rhythm guitar. I played the bottom notes of a chord as though I was pounding on a piano. We didn't have a bass at all until John got me to play one. We couldn't find any inexpensive basses that were good - and the amps - you could get a cheap guitar amp but not a bass amp.

You need a bigger amp to push a low frequency signal. Bass needs more power. The way we set up, John is capable of more watts than I am but he uses less than half. I use more to produce the same clear volume signal.

So we rented a bass, and John showed me the bottom four strings of a guitar and I already knew two. I only had to learn the other two. Now it's my instrument. I've developed a feel for it. It seemed inevitable that I end up playing bass. I feel that I understand bass. I love playing bottom. Even if I take a solo, it's a rhythm thing. In fact, I try not to make it melodic.

When I started on bass, I only knew like four notes and I grew from there. Bass has become a very commercial instrument in rock and roll. Bass is out front in modern music. To me bass makes the feeling of a song - if there's a good bass line.

I never play a song the same way twice. I know the changes. Sometimes if I do something that I like, I'll try to do it again. Like I really dug playing that simple thing on "Keep On Chooglin'", and a couple of times I repeated a little bass figure to emphasize climaxes. It worked the first time so I repeated it. That song took about twenty takes one day and nothing was happening. We came in next day and did it in one take. It was just the right day.

Right now, I'm using a Kustom amplifier with Sunn speaker cabinets. I just got a Gibson EB3 bass. It has a little shorter neck and I made extra sure the neck was straight and the string length was alright. Then I adjusted the pickup and the string height to my own taste.

I shopped all around and decided on the best for me despite prices. It had to be good quality. I can really play through any amp but John needs his Kustom amp for certain effects. It took a long time to get our guitar sound working right.

We always envisioned a rock band like the Crickets. Two guitars, bass and drums. Just bottom, drums, rhythm and lead. Before, I played piano-banging chords. When Stu switched to bass there was a hole so I played guitar to fill it in. I play Rickenbacker now but I'm always looking for something better.

Guild guitars invited John and myself over to look around and we ended up ordering two Guilds. This new one is much more versatile. It's easier to tune and there's more room on it to move around. I can play better including the twelfth fret. Even if you get a little better, you can't tolerate an instrument that you can't move on. The slightest imperfection might hold back my progress. Even if you don't deserve a hand made guitar, you deserve something better than what you've got.

TAJ MAHAL'S BAND

I was born September 21, 1944 in Norman, Oklahoma. Oklahoma University that's where my mom and dad were going to college. I was a war baby. Oklahoma City is about 20 miles north. I was in the 1st grade, and when I got there I took violin lessons. My dad's a drummer and he's also a pretty noteworthy Indian artist. My mom's a piano player. We had a big record player and a lot of records around the house mostly Dixieland jazz kind of blues flavored. Bix Bedierbeck, Trummy Young, Earl Fatha Hines and a lot of people like that.

My Aunt Minnie had a violin up in the attic and my parents said, "we might as well start him on something." So off I went to the violin. I played the violin in school until I was in the 8th grade and then I got hung up on football and track and the violin went out the window. My dad started taking guitar about that time and I started playing on the side. I woodshed on his lessons.

I think I started playing the guitar when I was in the 6th grade. I didn't start playing until much later but that's when I got exposed to it. My father didn't show me anything. For some reason I didn't want him to know I was playing. He wanted me to be a piano player. I started piano lessons, too; about the same time. That only lasted for about two months. I couldn't take the teacher, she was from the battleaxe school.

In the 7th grade we had a talent show and I played the guitar and backed up a couple of friends of mine. We played Kingston Trio songs. That was my real debut on the stage. They thought I was a ham. I guess I was. By the time I was 17, I was already into the guitar. That's all I lived for, it really came across strong. I developed a reputation around town, played a lot of local beer joints, teen hops, fraternity parties. Me and my high school friends had a group and we played around. Freddie King was very hot at the time and we played a lot of his things. "Hideaway" and "Istanbul" stuff like that. When I was about 17, I caught this guy named Conway Twitty, he was really in his heyday. He came through town one day and I met his guitar player and he was a fantastic guy from Canada named Al Bruno. He was like one of my first real idols on the guitar. He played so good, really good. I got him to show me a few things and about a year later he quit the Conway Twitty band and Conway offered the job to me. So I took it and we played all around. I'd never been out of Oklahoma City in my life. We kicked it off with a 33 night Dick Clark tour. Milene, Iowa, a bunch of crazy places. That's when I first got with country music. I'd never really been exposed to it except from hearing it from time to time on the radio. It's pretty big in Oklahoma. I guess he really gave me my first start. He writes a lot of country material. He's doing real good. He's had about seven or eight records in the C&W top ten in the last couple of years. I listened to Robbie Robertson, who used to play with Ronnie Hawkins, Levon and the Hawks. Most of the guys were from Ar-

kansas. Conway's drummer Tommy "Porkchop" Marcum, he's kind of a fat kid and he and Levon kind of grew up on the farm together.

They were all tuned into Bo Diddley, Sonny Boy Williamson, some real obscure cats like Lonesome Sundown. Nobody listened to those people in those days except people in Oklahoma City. Bo Diddley was the king out there. Chuck Berry was another one of my idols on the guitar. Freddie King, too, to some extent. Surprisingly I never enjoyed B.B. King's music. He sounded frantic to me until the last couple of years I started to appreciate him. He was just too frantic or something. The same with T-Bone Walker. I heard all those guys a long time ago. I quit Conway. It was getting kind of tiresome, not that I didn't enjoy it, and, actually, Uncle Sam was breathing down my neck and I knew I had to get back to college to get out of the 1-A situation. So I went back to school, off and on playing with Twitty. I was going to be an English teacher. So I went back to school and I just couldn't make it. I'd just sit in English and just look out the window and just be thinking guitar riffs in my head all day long. Not just guitar, sometimes I'd get whole symphonies going in my head. So I knew I couldn't make it. So right in the middle of class one day, I walked out. Went down to the administration building and dropped out of school, packed up all my stuff from the dorm and drove home which is about 20 miles. Hung around for a couple of days and in a week I was in Los Angeles. I didn't know anybody, not one soul. Levon had split from the band at the time and was out there so I called him up and I went over there. There was a guy there named Jimmy Markem, he was from Tulsa, Oklahoma which was about 90 miles away. There's this whole clan of Tulsa musicians out there that I only heard of vaguely through the grapevine between Oklahoma and Tulsa. They were really into a heavy thing with this guy named Leon Russell, he's kind of the focal point for these people. You might have heard of him, he had the Asylum Choir and all these guys were living up in his house, he's got a big house up in the Hollywood Hills. That's where I first met Chuck. Chuck was living up there and carrying on and all these people were carrying on and getting into things I never really got into before. The first time I got to California it was swinging and it's been swinging ever since. It's just been a big party. It's great. I wouldn't do anything else. I had to

go to California to meet guys from Oklahoma who grew up 90 miles away from me. And it's just like meeting guys from home. I didn't know anybody in California. I lived with my granddad for a year or two. I made \$6.00 in 1966. Six whole dollars...I played that one gig. We did play one gig in 1967 where we worked on the North edge of Watts at a club called the Peacodilla. Me and a bunch of white kids played there. It was really a soul spot. I guess some of the local citizens were kind of uptight about us invading their territory. So we were out in the alley in back of the club on a break and they came out and ditched us out about 30 of them. California was a great place to get my things together. I always liked to sketch a lot, kind of doodle around and fool around, draw faces and pictures. I got into a much more happening thing for me. I was just really happy. I was really close to my parents and it was the first time I moved away from home. When I played on the road with Twitty, I was away but I always went home to mom and dad. I was about 20 years old.

There was this guy from Tulsa named Gordon. He knew Taj for about a year. I don't know how they got together. Taj was getting a band to play at the Ashgrove and one night the guitar player didn't show up and they were flipping to find somebody to play and Gordon said why don't you call Ed he's probably not doing anything. So they called me up and I wasn't doing anything so I went down and did the gig. You've heard about love at first sight well that's what that was. Taj was my man from then on and still is and probably will always be. He's the greatest. He knows more blues than anyone. If there should be a kind of the blues or boss of the blues or any kind of top cat of blues, it ought to be him, 'cause he knows it all.

I've got stacks and stacks of records. So does my mom and dad. I think we've got more money tied up in records than anything else. Jim: Where did you get your jazz chording from. You got a jazz feeling the way you chord your R&B things.

Well that's more of a recent thing, as far as doing it in public. Some of my real favorites were guys like Charlie Christian. He had a wonderful thing. The sound as far as Johnny Smith goes is probably the same. He's a little more loose than I am. I play more vigorously I think. He's much more smoother. My thing's pretty smooth in reference to most of your young guitar players today. They like to scream and do the wah-wah thing. I use no gimmicks at all except for a Leslie speaker. It gives it

kind of an organ sound something like Booker T. He's one of my favorite people. Wow, what a cat.

We became very good friends with a fellow that's in the advertising department at Fender Musical Instruments and he lays all this stuff on us. Whenever something new comes out, he gets me to try it out. He slammed the Leslie to me one day and I never gave it back. That's why I've got it now. The foot pedals control the Leslie speaker. It's like a rotating speaker instead of an electronic vibrato, so to speak. We'll use a lot of tubes to get your wavering sound. It's a more natural thing where the speaker rotates and you just hear the sound coming straight at you just once every time it rotates. The pedal that I use, controls the speed by which the thing rotates. Sometimes we play "Corina" and I use a little bit of vibrato on the amps. But I've been getting out of that lately. I hate vibrato, I think it sounds terrible. Electronic vibrato, reverb, it's all a bunch of crap. It's just gimmicks and jive.

We use all Fender. I used to play Gibson a long time ago when I was starting out. From the time I started playing there was this Telecaster that sat in the window of a music store in Oklahoma City. It sat there for years and years. Every time I drove by the music store, I'd have to go in and play it. It was about a 1954 model Telecaster. Nobody ever bought it. Finally around 1961 or '62 I got enough cash to go in and pick it up. It had been in the store about eight years. It was brand new when I got it.

Some of my favorites on guitar would have to be Steve Cropper, Albert King, Freddie King to some extent and once in a while B. B. King. I really really admire Robbie Robertson. I guess my favorite guitar player in all the world is James Burton. He's a session cat out in L.A. He used to play with Ricky Nelson, The Shindogs. Chuck used to play with the Shindogs. They were on Shindig on ABC-TV. That's really about all the guitar players I dig. George Benson's groovy. As far as the now guitar players, the happening cats, there's not any of them that I really go for. □ Jesse and Jim

GARY GILMORE/bass

I was born April 27, 1946 in Salina, Kansas. There's not much happening in Salina I'll have you know out there in radio land. We moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma when I was in the first grade. I didn't really do too much with music until about the 6th grade, I started playing violin and I played for a couple of years. I really couldn't stay with the violin, I had to have a guitar. I used to listen to Chuck Berry, Jimmy Reed, "The Great Pretender" and "Rock Around The Clock," "Dance With Me Henry". It got me too riled up. I had to get a guitar. I played guitar for a while then rock and roll hit me so strong, I had to change to bass. I've been playing bass ever since. Tulsa, Oklahoma is really a good place to grow up and listen to music. There were quite a few musicians from that town. I first started playing nightclubs when I was 14-years-old. I have been playing guitar for about two or three years at the time. It seemed like nightclubs

is where it was happening. Sometimes it was dangerous to go there, people would like to fight more than they would like to dance. But there sure were good musicians at that time. Ed mentioned Leon Russell. He's been around for a long time. Chuck, our drummer, started a long time ago. He was in some of the first bands I heard. They were influenced a lot by country and blues. In Oklahoma you hear a lot of country and a lot of blues. It's really a nice country. It's a great country, for guitar, guitar music, guitar players are really good. I don't know what it is that makes a person play guitar and get into music but I think that area in country is really conducive to relaxed music and good music and that's when I first started to get into it and really loved to play. Played all around in Oklahoma till I got out of high school. I went to L.A. where a lot of my friends from Tulsa had already gone out there and were playing in clubs out there and getting into some recording work.

I think the reason everyone went to L.A. was because the business was there. In Tulsa, there's a lot of good musicians and nice places to play but there's not many people there or that many outlets for the business. People dig the music but making a living is another story. Getting to L.A. was really nice because some of the friends I knew turned me on to some really good gigs. I got a chance to go on the road with Roger Miller when he was in his prime. I played with Thumbs Carlsile.

I played an upright bass for a while. I played it for a year in high school. I tried some country around the house, playing acoustically which I really enjoyed. But electric bass will probably be my first love.

I'd really like to pursue the upright bass a little farther. With this band, we'd like to pursue and even acoustically because we all like that music too. Bluegrass has been a big influence on all of us. I really dig Memphis music and Nashville music. I like good country music.

We did a trio thing out there in L.A., and worked in the worst joints in town to the Whiskey A Go Go, back in the Johnny Rivers era. We traveled around the country and went to Atlanta, Georgia. I went to Nashville for about six months and tried to write songs and tried to get in that scene and that wasn't for me. Nashville is really straight country. I like rock and roll and rhythm and blues too. I was really very fortunate to meet Ed in L.A. The first time I ever met Ed, we played in a band with Levon. We played little beer joints in L.A. Then I met Taj and we started getting our things together. We got so good that it was like finding home. I enjoyed being on the road with Roger Miller and others but I never felt at home till Taj. The bass player on the first album didn't show up for a gig. That was really one of the happiest days for me. They needed somebody to play bass and I wasn't working at the time and I just went home and grabbed my stuff, jumped on an airplane. We had a real good gig in some little beer joint. We had to fight them for our money but still it was so

good on the bandstand. We enjoyed each other so much. We decided to get better and find gigs where the audiences would listen to us. □ Gary and Jim

CHUCK BLACKWELL/drums

I'm from Tulsa, Oklahoma the same place Gary's from. We sort of grew up around the same bunch of guys. I first started playing in beer joints and truck stops in Tulsa. The band I was with got a chance to back up Jerry Lee Lewis one time. He liked us and we went on the road with him. Then right then and there I said this is where it's at. I didn't want to do anything else. So I went through different stages. I went through California. I started off on drums, I still haven't gotten with guitar yet. I've got a few hot licks I play now and then. I went to California and worked with a group called the Shindogs that was put together by Jack Goode. It was kind of a throw together thing but all the guys happened to be from down south. I don't know if that has anything to do with or not but it seems like it's proven itself to the people I've been associated with in music. It works out good so it clicked and it was a good gig for about three years and then all this psychedelic music started coming and I thought well, I don't know if I want to play this or not and I thought well, it's about the end of the line surely there's something else going. Then I started listening to mostly R&B that seems to be where it's at, like Stax and Motown. Instead of playing technically or with a bunch of notes they play with the feeling of the tune and that's what knocked me out and was fun to play and then Ed and Gary came over one time and I've known them for some time. I worked a couple of gigs with Taj and they invited me to play with them and this is an opportunity of a lifetime, because this is right down the home base. This is where I'd like to play cause this is where it's at right now.

I grew up with rock and roll. This is it from the start. The minute I heard Jerry Lee Lewis's "A Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On" this is it. This cat just turned me on and then I started catching a few musicians and caught Ronnie Hawkins and the Hawks. They played around Arkansas and Oklahoma and they played some hops there but that was the first band that gave me cold chills and really turned me on. So I will confirm my belief that music is where it's at for me. It's the only place where I can express myself. I'm an individual with my music.

I first wanted to play drums because there was this girl who played drums in school and I had eyes for her and I wanted to get in that class and when I got in she dropped out and then I was left in music class. That was in the marching band era. It was quite an experience going through the discipline of our band teacher.

My favorite drummer is Al Jackson of Stax and Sonny Payne who really knocked me out and the drummer from Motown, Benny Benjamin, who died recently. King Curtis and the drummer who plays for Aretha Franklin. I think he comes from down south but these are the drummers I listen to. □ Chuck and Jim

The MITCHELL Mystique

Joni Mitchell currently enjoys a status within the Rock and Folk Establishment which I am certain she never expected to attain and which must be exquisitely uncomfortable; last year's pet, Joni has now apparently developed into almost a Totemic Figure. . . . in the minds of Her Set of fans; she has emerged as some sort of REPLACEMENT for Joan Baez; It's kind of like as though a Miss Folk-Rock America throne existed, from which the sweet-voiced and clean-minded, but musically tepid Miss Baez is being asked to abdicate, so that Joni Mitchell--prolific and creative poetess-singer--may succeed her as a more fitting representative of today's newly-sophisticated and demanding young music audience. . . . Evidence of this surprisingly widespread viewpoint was a story in a recent issue of *Crawdaddy* titled "In the Sweet By & Baez," by Peter Stampfel--founder of a group known as The Holy Modal Rounders and long a Greenwich Village folk-rock insider--in which Stampfel concluded that "Joan Baez is to Joni Mitchell as Minnie Mouse is to the White Goddess." Peter obviously feels he has the situation down righteous. . . . Personally, I think it was a grossly oversimplified statement of a situation that deserves deeper consideration.

And I wonder about the wisdom of musicians actively involved in the same areas making such sweeping musical judgments--either good or bad--upon one of their number--not because Stampfel and other articulate "progressive rock" music players don't have a right to express opinions: they do and should. . . . but too often these opinions sound like Pronouncements and Edicts, and some musicians are even haughtier than critics in thinking that their conclusions are above challenge; when actually, I think that a reporter or observer not personally involved in the lives of musicians is sometimes in a better situation for giving an unbiased reaction to what is going down in the music itself. Sometimes a personal disagreement--or a personal affection--for a particular performer can be a very large mote in the eye of a friend with the best intentions in the world. The most acute eye can lose focus from too close-up; the clubby atmosphere which permeates progressive pop, rock and folk music today could be its downfall; All music to the people! The Beatles have always known this axiom and always practiced it. . . . Dylan's *Nashville Skyline* is solid evidence that he, too, has caught on. . . . and we realize that what he has been searching for all these years, and now found, is 'The People, Yes!'

Joan Baez has been seeking The People in her own way; in the last few years she has become increasingly absorbed in political activism. . . . and at the same time more and more remote from the force-center and the change-center of popular music; the changes have been coming very, very fast here and the truth is that Joan just hasn't been fast enough on her feet

to keep up. I have a feeling that most true artists are basically apolitical creatures--you have to make a choice somewhere along the line between art and politics--Dylan made his, and oddly enough, in opting for music and being true to his individual art, he came closer to the soul of The People than ever before. Joan Baez made her choice too; I think, probably, for the very reasons Stampfel criticizes her, it was not such a hard choice for her to make. . . . In fact, I think the shift in priorities may have been almost a relief in getting her off the hook musically; scorning "her music" for long periods, laying it aside for the barricades, I wonder if she realized she was abdicating that invisible Miss F-RA throne, a throne to which there would be no returning. Her head may well be swimming from the shock of attacks like Stampfel's--or, what I think is more likely, she may not actually give a damn, because music never interested her as much as Social Action anyhow; two years ago when Joan gave a free concert on the Washington Monument grounds, a rebuttal to the DAR who refused to let her use their hall, an estimated crowd of 25,000 turned out for the occasion and stayed for the concert, even though most of them were backed up too far from the amplifiers to hear her. . . . as long as Joan can continue to get audiences of this size interested in her message, she will not care what the critics or the Pop Establishment think of her; she lives in a whole different world from that of the Fold-Rock Club.

All this is an attempt to explain, in part, why I think comparisons between Joan Baez and Joni Mitchell are irrelevant. Each one of them is into an entirely different thing; they have very similar vocal ranges and both play guitars. . . . and, as far as I can tell, that is just about all they have in common. . . .

Joni Mitchell is hardly a militant; there is nothing of the political radical about her. The one anti-war song in her new album *Clouds*, "The Fiddle and the Drum," beats as gently as the wings of a dove. Where Dylan & Manuel's Baez in her Dylan compendium--rants and rips, "The Fiddle and the Drum" (sung a capella by Joni) soothes and gentles. . . . Joni Mitchell's song is not only anti-war, in the sense of formalized, organized war games; but also, anti-nihilism and anti-destructivism; and, really, anti being anti. . . .

"Can we help you find the peace and the star/ Oh my friend. . . ." Joni asks; and hearing it, you have the feeling that she has searched herself for an answer to the jams of the world and that this song is the response she has found--not a kicker by any means. Joni speaks not only for herself but for those friends, admirers and devotees who are turning to her words for their unique kind of lyrical comfort. It is ridiculous to try to "compare" Joan Baez singing "Tears of Rage" to Joni Mitchell singing "The Fiddle and The Drum" . . . sure, it's no contest. . . . Some people might say Joan doesn't interpret Dylan's words properly, when the fact is that she doesn't interpret, period;

I suspect that music is simply a means for Joan Baez of advancing non-musical causes; she sings "Tears of Rage" quite calmly, so deadpan that it is almost camp. On the other hand, Joni Mitchell also sings "The Fiddle and the Drum" calmly (through with angst; Joni is the angst-queen, anyhow--". . . what will happen if she tries. . . ?" and cats crying at the keyholes and everything. . .)--Anyway, this nervous calmness is appropriate here, because it is a quiet and tentatively affirming song. . . . so the basic question of whether the "Tears of Rage" type of protest song is more or less effective than a peace song like "The Fiddle and the Drum" becomes obscured by the personal motivations of the two performers, and further confused by the question of vocal mannerisms. . . . There is no more point in vilifying Joan Baez for being what she is and always has been, than there would be point in chastising Joni Mitchell for writing a Can-Am friendship song rather than sitting in downtown at draft board headquarters. . . . Some protestors fired up the records, some poured bottles of their own blood over the records. . . . Instead, Joni Mitchell's song says, in effect, 'let's look at the record'--and the questions our little Canadian friend asks are not rhetoric; they are heavy questions. . . . "How did you come to trade the fiddle for the drum. . . ." which all of us can profitably meditate. . . .

I want to get back to mannerisms, because at the time I reviewed Joni Mitchell's first album (*Pictures I Hear*, HP November 1968)--those mannerisms and what I called her 'singular style' were bothering me a lot; I find, to my relief and enjoyment in *Clouds*, that generally Joni has subdued her histrionic leaning so that a listener does not feel forced into admiration for the sheer technical prowess of her voice at the expense of the mood-building of her songs; the only slightly irritating thing I noticed about *Clouds* is that Joni--notably at ease at the bottom as well as at the top of her range--tends to sing at either the extreme bottom ("Tin Angel" and "Both Sides Now") or the extreme top ("I Don't Know Where I Stand" and the descant for "Songs to Aging Children Come")--I think her avoidance of the middle range, rather than mere show-offiness--is an attempt to ensure a variety of sound in an album depending almost wholly upon the variants of one flexible voice and one virtuoso guitar--no 'production' to speak of. . . . Also, I noted that both of the songs done in the low voice and with such dragged momentum are already famous; Tom Rush recorded "Tin Angel," and, of course, Judy Collins and God knows who all (Dave Van Ronk and Frank Sinatra and people like that) have sung "Both Sides Now." Apparently Joni was worried in these two cases about how to avoid associations with well-known versions of her songs; there is a sense of strain and self-consciousness in her phrasings of the two songs, almost a feeling of embarrassment. The inclusion of two songs

written so long ago may possibly have been in response to the urgings of admirers and friends, the kind of people who are sure that a songwriter's personal rendition must be the only correct and definitive one. It is not necessarily so; the urgers were ill-advised in this case -- Judy Collins' "Both Sides Now," with its swooping swagger, is still happiest listening; and Tom Rush's ripe, fully-orchestrated and comparatively up-tempo treatment of "Tin Angel" is exactly right. . . .

Still, the inclusion of these older songs makes for useful comparison in the only area of competition I can consider really valid; the creator's own past performance. "Roses Blue," "That Song About the Midway," "I Think I Understand," and especially, "The Gallery," show Joni Mitchell achieving new heights of subtlety and complexity as a poet and composer. . . The other thing that mainly bothered me about *Song to a Seagull*, a kind of adolescent sentimentality and slick-magazine banality in some of the ideas -- is almost indiscernible now -- In fact, I am amazed at the amount of emotional growth evidenced by Joni Mitchell's songs in the relatively short period of one year. Joni still isn't exactly the meat and potatoes of pop, but a surprising amount of the content of *Clouds* stick to your ribs. "Roses Blue" is a disturbingly acute psychological study of an unpleasant type of little lady you can meet in hip circles everywhere -- (Joe McDonald's "Not So Sweet Martha Lorraine" was probably her big sister) . The conception of this song as a warning and a cautionary is proof of just how well Joni is beginning to know her audience and to know some of the kinds of things she can say that will be of help to the particular kinds of young people who will listen to her and not to somebody like, say, Joan Baez. . . . The Roses of this world are too far gone to be reached by the simple old-fashioned humanism and brotherhood pleas of a Joan Baez. . . . the creative person in today's young and

It is interesting that "Roses Blue" is constructed similarly to the dramatic mode that misfired so badly in "The Pirate of Penance;" Joni now has something relevant to put inside a dramatic structure. Many of her earlier songs were "prettier" in a conventional sense, more melodic and luscious than the newer work, which is more sinewy and thematically heavier; she has just about quit herself of the cardboard dramatics, the easy clichés, and the mild but insistent self-pity of songs like "Penance," "Marcie," "Nathan La-Francis," and "I Had A King." The 'saint' of "The Gallery" is a far more vivid and touching character than the 'king' of "I Had A King." Joni's wonderfully subtle irony in "The Gallery" fulfills the sly promise of last year's "Sisotowbell Lane;" "The Gallery" could almost be called a feminist song, feminist in the best sense of the word -- Joni is a far cry from Emmeline Pankhurst, but this song opens the door for a whole new genre; a lady songwriter is daring to expose the chicanery, fraud and general caddishness of a species of egomaniacal male artist (or pseudo-artist), with whom some of use are all too hurtfully familiar. . . any girl who hangs about the fringes of the pop

world is likely to have, at one time or another, encountered the dastardly "artistic" male. . . . "I am a saint/Turn down your bed. . . ." ah, yes. Some of us girls are getting pretty sick of hearing that "Women Is Losers" and that ". . . you'll have bad times, and he'll have good times/doing things that you won't understand. . . ." Tammy Wynette, Janis Joplin and too many other intelligent but male-browbeaten singer-songwriters are saying we have to grind our teeth and bear it, because that's the woman's lot, that's the way it always has been. Now Joni Mitchell is here with her delicate surgical instruments, and at last the world's longest and most maltreated minority group has a worthy musical champion, one of our own sex, one who knows the ilk of her audience; instead of forgiving her artistic cad, Joni lets him hang by his own words.

"Chelsea Morning," possibly one of those leftovers from an earlier period, is, nevertheless, a delicious and satisfying imagist-poet tidbit -- it got me wishing my windows faced toward the sunrise; ". . . and the sun poured in like butterscotch and stuck to all my senses. . . ."

It would be that "Song About The Midway" is a variation or outgrowth of the old blues "Crossroads," which the Cream and other groups have done to death.

Besides the title similarity, there is the repeated phrase "Slowin' down/I'm gettin' tired!" like the last line in "Crossroads:" "I believe I'm sinkin' down. . . ." While "That Song About the Midway" is more ballad than blues, it gives you a sense of how an imagination like Joni's can take folk-contexts and traditional influences and turn them into fresh personal com-

munications; the Beatles do this as naturally as breathing, but very few others even attempt it.

"Songs to Aging Children Come. . ." The songs on this album are not happy songs, altogether; every one of them reflects that Mitchell angst, a sort of fine - veined emotional conflict, and they are shot through with half-hopeful unanswered questions. Even in "Chelsea Morning," the sunniest is shadowed somewhat by the line ". . . and we'll talk in present tense. . ." a kind of moratorium line which hints of other, tenser times and tenses.

I trust Joni Mitchell when she says; "Fear is like a wilderland/stepping stones on sinking sand. . ." I believe she knows all about those awful dreams that come to aging children sometimes; about that half - world where everything is almost, but horribly not quite, the same -- subtly disfigured dreams where you think at first you are awake, then realize you are still asleep and have to try once again to wake up. Joni says: "Sometimes voices in the night will call me back again. . ." and whatever it is drags you back again, and you HAVE to try to wake up. . . . Dreaming like that is not at all uncommon in places where the fiddle has been traded for the drum. *Clouds* is a perfect title for a song collection in which Joni Mitchell performs the beautiful and humane service of lancing open some of our vaguely threatening dreamcloud-boils, and she washes them, with her healing rain. . . Joni, you look sort of like a cute Minnie Mouse, but maybe there is something of the priestess, if not the goddess, in you. . . Merciful Minerva! as Wonder Woman used to say when she wanted to get going with some dea-ex-machina. □briggita

and Minnie Mouse



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•FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

(As recorded by Cher/Atlantic)
STEPHEN STILLS

There's something happening here
What it is ain't exactly clear
There's a man with a gun over there
Tellin' me I've got to beware
I think it's time we stop children
What's that sound
Everybody look what's goin' down.

There's battle lines bein' drawn
Nobody's right if everybody's wrong
Young people speakin' their minds
Gettin' so much resistance from behind
I think it's time we stop children
What's that sound
Everybody look what's goin' down.

What a field day for the heat
A thousand people in the street
Singin' songs and carryin' signs
Mostly say "Hooray for our side"
I think it's time we stop children
What's that sound
Everybody look what's goin' down.

Paranoia strikes deep
Into your life it will creep
It starts when you're always afraid
Step out of line, the men come and take
you away
I think it's time we stop children
What's that sound
Everybody look what's goin' down.

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Toones.

•HERE I GO AGAIN

(As recorded by Smokey Robinson and
the Miracles/Tamla)
ROBINSON
JOHNSON
CLEVELAND
MOORE

Saw you there
And your laughter seemed to fill the air
A scent like perfume from your lovely
hair
A scent that I do adore
My heart said to me
Don't walk head on into misery
Hey with your eyes wide open can't you
see
A hurt's in store just like before
Here I go again
Walking into love
Here I go again.

Never thinking of the danger that might
exist
Disregarding all of this just for you
I ignored the detour sign
I won't stop until you're mine
I'm past the point of no return
Girl you walked out
And I said to me myself and I
Now we've got to give it one more try
I know somehow the time is now
Right now
Oh here I go again
Walking into love
Here I go again
Walking into love.

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•LOOK AT MINE

(As recorded by Petula Clark/Warner
Bros./7 Arts)

TONY HATCH
JACKIE TRENT

If you think her eyes are brighter
Look at mine
If you think her lips are softer
Look at mine
If you think her love is stronger
Don't you hang around much longer
Stop awhile, take your time and get yourself
to my place
And look at mine.

If you like her dress much better
Look at mine
If she writes you nice long letters
Look at mine
If you think her heart is willing
Don't you wait to make the killing
Stop awhile, take your time and get yourself
to my place
And look at mine.

If you think her smile is sunshine
Look at mine
If you think her looks are so fine
Look at mine
If you think her future's better
Just forget the day you met her
Stop awhile, take your time and get yourself
to my place
And look at mine,
Hey look at mine, look at mine, look
at mine
I've got everything you need all the time
Look at mine.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•JEAN (From 'The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie')

(As recorded by Oliver/Crellie)

ROD MCKUEN

Jean, Jean roses are red
All the leaves have gone green
And the clouds are so low
You can touch them and so come out to
the meadow Jean.

Jean, Jean you're young and alive
Come out of your half-dreamed dream
And run if you will to the top of the hill
Open your arms Bonnie Jean.

Till the sheep in the valley come home
my way

Till the stars fall around me and find me
alone
When the sun comes a-singing I'll be still
waiting for Jean, Jean roses are red
And all of the leaves have gone green
While the hills are ablaze with the moon's
yellow haze
Come into my arms Bonnie Jean

Jean you're young and alive
Come out of your half-dreamed dream
And run if you will to the top of the hill
Come into my arms Bonnie Jean, Jean.

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•WHAT KIND OF FOOL (DO YOU THINK I AM?)

(As recorded by Bill Deal & The Rhondells/Heritage)

RAY WHITLEY

What kind of fool do you think I am?
You think you can go on seein' him
Darling after we had made our plan
You said I'd be your number one man
What kind of fool do you think I am?
What do you think I am, now?

What kind of fool did you think I'd be?
You said you really, really loved me
Darling you ran around all over town
You built me up and then you let me down
What kind of fool do you think I am?
What do you think I am?
What do you think I am, now?

•I TAKE A LOT OF PRIDE IN WHAT I AM

(As recorded by Dean Martin/Reprise)
MERLE HAGGARD

Things I learned in a hobo jungle were
things they never taught me in a
classroom

Like where to find a hand out
While thumbing through Chicago in the
afternoon

Hey I'm not bragging or complaining
I'm just talking to myself man to man
This old mental fat I'm chewing don't
take a lot of doing

But I take a lot of pride in what I am.

I guess I grew up a loner
I don't remember ever having any
folks around
But I keep thumbing through the

phone book
And looking for my daddy's name in
every town
And I met lots of friendly people
That I always wind up leaving on the
lamb
Hey where I've been or where I'm going
Don't take a lot of knowing
But I take a lot of pride in what I am.

I never travel in a hurry
Cause I got nobody waiting for me
anywhere
Home is anywhere I'm living
If it's sleeping on some vacant bench
in City Square
Or if I'm working on some road gang
Or just living off the fat of our great land
I never been nobody's idol
But at least I got a title
And I take a lot of pride in what I am.

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I won't be your second choice
I've got to be your number one
Or I ain't gonna love you at all
Darling you ran around all over town
You built me up and then you let me down
What kind of fool do you think I am?
What kind of fool?

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•I CAN'T GET NEXT TO YOU

(As recorded by the Temptations/
Gordy)

WHITFIELD

STRONG

Hold it, hold it, listen
I can turn the grayest sky blue
I can make it rain whenever I want it to
I can build a castle from a single grain
of sand
I can make the ships sail on dry land
But my life is incomplete and I'm so blue
Cause I can't get next to you
Can't get next to you babe
Get next to you
Just can't get next to you
Can't get next to you babe
I can't get next to you.

I can fly like a bird in the sky
I can buy anything that money can buy
I can turn a river into a raging fire
I can live forever if I so desire
I don't want it all these things I can do
But I can't get next to you
Can't get next to you babe
No matter what I do
Can't get next to you.

I can turn back the hands of time
You better believe I can
I can make the seasons change just by
wiggling my hand
I can change anything from old to new
The thing I want to do the most, I'm
unable to do
Unhappy am I with all the powers I
possess
Cuz, girl you're the key to my happiness
and I'm whoa I
Can't get next to you
Girl you're blowin' my mind
Cuz I can't get next to you.

Can't you see these tears I'm cryin'
I can't get next to you
Girl it's you that I need
I gotta get next to you.

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•BLACK BERRIES Pt. 1

(As recorded by the Isley Brothers/T
Neck)

R. ISLEY

O. ISLEY

R. ISLEY

You know my brothers and I was raised
in Cincinnati, you know Cincinnati,
Ohio

And I remember when we were kids you
know we used to walk to the woods you
know

And go black berry pickin', swingin' our
baskets on our arms

Skippin' down the road you know
And Kelly used to have an expression
he used to say back then

We made a song out of that expression
I remember the words of it
It used to go a little bit like this
The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice
He said these words the blacker the berry,
he said the sweeter the juice
The blacker the berry, sweeter the juice.

You know he digged black berries so much
And everywhere he would go
He would use that as his excuse you know
for staying out late at night
My brother Rudolph he used to like straw-
berries if I remember correctly at the time
And at the time my thing was wild cherries
I remember the three of us used to steal
tomatoes

And lay on the ground and peel all kinds
of ice potatoes
And sing the blacker the berry, the sweeter
the juice

We used to split down bananas and throw
the peels away
At the same time in the street you know

And when it got hot we drunk all the
lemonade we could get

Till we knocked ourselves clean off our feet
Walked along singing the blacker the berry,
the sweeter the juice

Black berries, the sweeter the juice
Black berries, the sweeter, the sweeter the
juice

Now how would you look eating a green
berry

Oh what's the use.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•LET ME BE THE ONE

(As recorded by Peaches & Herb/Date)
L. KOLBER
B. MANN

Let me be the one to always love you
Let me be the one to take care of you
When you're looking for someone to tell
your troubles to
Let me be the one for you.

Let me be the one
When you are lonely
Let me be the one
You think of only
When you want someone to go to when
your day is through
Baby let me be the one for you.

Let mine be the lips to kiss you sweetly
Let mine be the arms to hold you tight
Baby give your love to me completely
Let me be the one you come to every night.

Let me be the one you can rely on
Let mine be the shoulder you can cry on
And I promise I'll be loving you my whole
life through
If you let me be the one for you
If you let me be the one for you.

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York.

•THAT'S THE WAY LOVE IS

(As recorded by Marvin Gaye/Tamla)
WHITFIELD
STRONG

Oh Baby as the bitter tears fall from
your eyes
A thousand times you ask yourself why
The one guy you love has departed
Oh you're left alone and broken hearted
Love just comes and it goes
How long it's gonna last said nobody
knows
That's the way love is baby
That's the way love is sugar
That's how it is.

I know you're walkin' down a lonesome
road
And your heart is carryin' a heavy load
I know you feel like you ain't got a friend
Oh I know it's heavy
But now it's time to be strong
You gotta forget him now that he's gone
Just remember that's the way love is honey
That's the way love is baby
That's how it is.

Oh Baby
Listen to me little darlin'
The road of love is rough sometimes
Don't let it get the best of you
I've been hurt by love
So many times
So I know just what you're goin' through
To wish that you were never born
You gotta forget him now that he's gone
Just remember that's the way love is baby
That's the way love is honey
That's how it is.

Wipe away your tears
Love is here today and gone tomorrow
All of your joys turned to sorrow
One day gladness and the next day sadness.
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•CHANGE OF HEART

(As recorded by Dennis Yost & Classics
IV/Imperial)

BUDDY BUIE
J. COBB

I never plan to fall in love
I told her from the start
But she had that look in her eye
And I had a change of heart.

Heart I knew that she was changin' me
But I never realized that I was depend-
ing on her

Until to my surprise
I tried my best to say goodbye
But everytime I'd start she'd get that
look in her eye
And I'd have a change of heart.

She told me 'bout her someone new
And tore my world apart
Now I've got a tear in my eye
Cause she's had a change of heart
Now I say a prayer every night that
she'll have a change of heart.

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•WHEN I DIE

(As recorded by Motherlode/Buddah)
WILLIAM SMITH
STEVE KENNEDY

When I die I hope to be a better man than
you thought I'd be
It's been hard to make you see
What kind of man I'm trying to be
All I ask for you to try to understand
what it means to me.

It's not hard to understand why
You get discouraged all the time
I keep trying not to worry
But I can't help feeling lost in you
But I love you, want you and I need you.

Time goes by and you'll find that we'll
achieve a love sublime
When I die I hope I'll be the kind of man
you thought I'd be
(Repeat chorus).

Cause I love you and I want you
Cause I gotta, gotta have you
Cause, cause I need you
When I die I hope I'll be the kind of man
that you thought I'd be.

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•WHAT'S THE USE OF BREAK- ING UP

(As recorded by Jerry Butler/Mercury)
KENNY GAMBLE
JERRY BUTLER
THERESA BELL

What's the use in breaking up
When you just turn around and make up
Oh you say you're tired and you're
uninspired and you wanna leave me
Oh baby the last time you felt that way
Girl you left me for a whole day
And then you called me on the telephone
In your sweet and your sobbingest tone
And asked me what should we do
When you know all the time I'm crazy
about you
We had the same conversation
Well it couldn't have been more than a
week ago
I said darling you're breaking my heart
and I don't see how I can take much
more
I got up fast and walked out of the door
And walked on down to the corner store
And by the time I, I turned around and
came back again.

I guess we do it cause of a sudden groove
To find out something that you didn't do
Oh baby I love you I swear
Ain't either one of us going nowhere.

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•CARRY ME BACK

(As recorded by the Rascals/Atlantic)
FELIX CAVALIERE

Oh for the pillow where my head used to
lay
'Fore I left to be a grown man way
back then
I miss the wooden kitchen floor
Painted brown to match the old back door
In my old Kentucky home where I belong.

Carry me back, carry me back
Carry me back I been away so long
I'm goin' back where I come from.

Something I read one day
Might of heard somebody say
Made me leave a happy home
Fortune waitin' in the city
Pretty women just like in the movies
Craziest mess you ever wanna see.

Carry me back, carry me back
Carry me back ain't nothin' here for me
I wanna get back home
Take be back where I belong.

Lord Almighty I sure learned a lot
Enough to send me back where I come
from
To that old Kentucky homewhere I belong.
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den & Weiss, 444 Madison Avenue, New
York, New York.

PARADE OF SONG HITS

•RUNNIN' BLUE

(As recorded by the Doors/Elektra)
ROBBIE KRIEGER

It's poor Otis, dead and gone
Left me here to sing his song
Pretty little girl with the red dress on
Poor Otis, dead and gone
Back down, turn around slowly
Try it again, remembering when
It was easy to try again
Much too easy remembering when
All right, look at my shoes
Not quite the walking blues
Don't fight, too much to lose
Can't fight the runnin' blues.

Well I've got the runnin' blues
Running away back to L.A.
Got to find the dock on the bay
Maybe find it back in L.A.
Running scared, running blues
Going so fast what'll I do
Well I've got the running blues
Running away back to L.A.
Got to find the dock on the bay
Maybe find it back in L.A.

All right look at my shoes
Not quite the walking blues
Don't fight too much to lose
Can't fight the running blues
(Repeat chorus).

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•LODI

(As recorded by Al Wilson/Soul City)

JOHN FOGERTY

Just about a year ago
I set out on the road
Seeking my fame and fortune
Looking for a pot of gold
Things got bad and things got worse
I guess you know the tune
Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again.

Rode in on the Greyhound
I'll be walking out if I go
I was just passing through
Must be seven months or more
I ran out of time and money
Looks like they took my friends
Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again.

The man from the magazine
Said I was on my way
Somewhere I lost connections
Ran out of songs to play
I came into town a one-night stand
Looks like my plans fell through
Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again.

If I only had a dollar for every song
I've sung
And every time I've had to play while
people sat there drunk
You know I'd catch the next train back
to where I live
Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again
Oh Lord, stuck in Lodi again.

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•WALK ON BY

(As recorded by Isaac Hayes/
Enterprise)

BURT BACHARACH
HAL DAVID

If you see me walkin' down the street and
I start to cry each time we meet
Walk on by, walk on by
Make believe that you don't see the tears
Just let me grieve in private cause each
time I see you
I break down and cry.

I just can't get over losin' you and so if
I seem broken and blue
Walk on by, walk on by
Foolish pride, that's all that I have left
So let me hide the tears and the sadness
you gave me when you said goodbye
Walk on by don't stop
Walk on by don't stop
Walk on by.

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•GREEN FIELDS

(As recorded by the Vogues/Reprise)

TERRY GILKYSO
RICH DEHR
FRANK MILLER

Once there were green fields kissed by the
sun
Once there were valleys where rivers used
to run
Once there was blue sky with white clouds
high above
Once they were part of an everlasting love
We were the lovers who strolled through
green fields.

Green fields are gone now, parched by the
sun
Gone from the valleys where rivers used
to run
Gone with the cold wind that swept into
my heart
Gone with the lovers who let their dreams
depart
Where are the green fields that we used to
roam?

I'll never know what made you run away
How can I keep searching when dark clouds
hide the day?
I only know there's nothing here for me
Nothing in this wide world left for me to
see

But I'll keep on waitin' till you return
I'll keep on waiting until the day you
learn
You can't be happy while your heart's
on the roam
You can't be happy until you bring it
home
Home to the green fields and me once
again.
Home to the green fields and me once
again.

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•DON'T IT MAKE YOU WANT TO GO HOME

(As recorded by Joe South/Capitol)

JOE SOUTH

Don't it make you want to go home now
Don't it make you want to go home
All God's children get weary when they roam
Don't it make you want to go home now
Don't it make you want to go home.

Oh the whippervill roosts on the telephone
pole
And the Georgia sun goes down
And it's been a long time but I'm glad to
say that I'm going back down to my
hometown
Going down to the greyhound station
Gonna buy me a one-way fair
Good Lord's willing and the creek don't
By tomorrow I'll be right there
(Repeat chorus).

But there's a six-lane highway down by
the creek
Where I went skinny-dippin' as a child
And the drive-in show where the meadow
used to grow
And the strawberries used to grow wild
There's a drag strip down by the river side
Where my cows used to graze
Now the grass don't grow and the river
don't flow
Like it did in my childhood days.
(Repeat chorus).

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•EASY TO BE HARD

(From the American Tribal Love-Rock
Musical "Hair")

(As recorded by Three Dog Night/Dunhill)

JAMES RADO
GEROME RAGNI
GALT MACDERMOT

How can people be so heartless?
How can people be so cruel?
Easy to be hard, easy to be cold,
"No," especially people who care about
strangers
Who care about evil and social injustice
Do you only care about the bleeding
crowd?
How about a needing friend?

How can people be so heartless?
How can people be so cruel?
Easy to give in, easy to help out
How can people have no feelings?
You know I'm hung up on you
Hard not to surrender, hard not to be easy
How can people be so heartless?
How can people be so cruel?
Easy to be hard, easy to be cold.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

●GREEN RIVER

(As recorded by Creedence Clearwater Revival/Fantasy)
JOHN FOGERTY

Take me back down where cool waters flow
Let me remember things I love
Stoppin' at the log where catfish bite
Walkin' along the river road at night
Barefoot girls dancin' in the moonlight
I can hear the bull frog callin' me
Wonder if my rope's still hanging to the tree

Love to kick my feet way down the shallow water
Shoe fly, dragon fly, get back to your mother
Pick up a flat rock, skip it across, green river.

Up at Cody's camp I spend my days
Flat car riders and cross town walkers
Old Cody Jr. took me over
Said you're gonna find the world is smouldering
And if you get lost come on home to green river.

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●OH WHAT A NIGHT

(As recorded by the Dells/Cadet)
MARVIN JUNIOR
JOHN FUNCHES

Oh what a night to love you, dear
Oh what a night to hold you, dear
Oh what a night to squeeze you, dear
That's why I love you so.

Oh what a night to love you, dear
Oh what a night to want you, dear
Oh what a night to kiss you, dear
That's why I love you so.

●POLK SALAD ANNIE

(As recorded by Tony Joe White/Monument)

TONY JOE WHITE
(Recitation) If some of ya'll never been down south too much
I'm gonna tell you a little bit about this so that you'll understand what I'm talkin about
Down there we have a plant that grows out in the woods
And in the field. . . looks somethin' like a turnip green
And everybody calls it polk salad, polk salad
Used to know a girl lived down there and she'd go out
In the evenings and pick her a mess of it, carry it
Home and cook it for supper, cause that's about all they had to eat
But they did all right.

Down in Louisiana where the alligators grown so mean
There lived a girl that I swear to the world
Made the alligators look tame
Polk salad Annie, polk salad Annie
Everybody said it was a shame
Cause her mama was a - workin' on the chain gang
(a mean vicious woman).

Every day 'fore supper time she'd go down by the truck patch
And pick her a mess o' polk salad and carry it home in a tow-sack
Polk salad Annie, the gators got your granny

Everybody said it was a shame
Cause her mama was a-workin on the chain gang
(a wretched, spiteful, straight-razor tottin' woman, Lord have mercy, pick a mess of it.)

Her daddy was lazy and no count
Claimed he had a bad back
All her brothers were fit for was stealin' watermelons out of my truck patch
Polk salad Annie, the gators got your granny
A shame, cause her mamma was a-workin on the chain gang
(Sock a little polk salad to me, you know I need me a mess of it).

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●POOR MOON

(As recorded by Canned Heat/Liberty)
ALAN WILSON

Ever since I was a kid you sure looked good to me
Now I'm a man full grown
And I know what I'd hate to see

It might be tomorrow, I just don't know

It might take years
They might cast some bombs

And scar your skin
I don't think they care
So I wonder when they're going to destroy your face.

I hope well you sure look good in our sky at night
And sad to say you won't shine so bright some day

I bet you've seen the cloud we make that covers up L.A.

I wonder if you might be like a shroud, like that someday
I'm worried about it

It makes me sigh
I just can't help it
I wonder when they're going to destroy your face

It might be tomorrow
I just don't know, it might take years
I wonder when they're going to destroy your face.

I'll see you in the sky at night
When I get old I hope you look about the same

As when I was a boy
It gets me to gasping when I think what they might do
I wonder when they're going to destroy your face.

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I won't forget all those things you have done to me
Things in my heart won't let me forget your love

Oh what a night to love you, dear
Oh what a night to hold you, dear
Oh what a night to squeeze you, dear
That's why I love you so.

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●GOO GOO BARABAJAGAL (LOVE IS HOT)

(As recorded by Donovan (With the Jeff Beck Group)/Epic)
DONOVAN LEITCH

She came, she came to meet a man
She found an angel
Goo goo goo barabajagal was his name now

Goo goo goo barabajagal was his name now

Goo goo goo barabajagal was his name now

He's very wise in the herbal lours

Got pure now
She came, she came to free the pain with his wild flower

Goo goo goo barabajagal was his name now

Goo goo goo barabajagal was his name now

Fine, fine, fine, fine
Acelandine be prepared for her
Tea, tea, tea, tea
To make her free

While incense burned
In love pool eyes flat feathers
After the struggle the hope burst and shot joy

all through the wind
Sorrow more distant than a star
Multi color run down over your body
Then the liquid casting all into all love is hot.

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PARADE OF SONG HITS

•(LET'S) GET TOGETHER

CHET POWERS

Love is but the song we sing
For fear the way we die
You can make the mountains ring.
Or make the angels cry
Know the dove is on the wing
And you need not know why.

Come on people, let's call on your
brothers
Hey let's get together and call for
another
Now come on people, call for another
Hey let's get together and call one another
Now come on people let's call for another
right now.

If you hear the song I sing
Then you must look around
What we need is love and fear
Or in your trembling hands
Hey hey hey But we must stand up
you know
As if they're your command.

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•SHARE YOUR LOVE WITH ME

(As recorded by Aretha Franklin/Atlantic)

D. MALONE
AL BRAGGS

It's an ill wind that blows no good
And it's a sad heart that won't love like
it should
Oh how lonesome you must be
And it's ashame that that you don't
share your love with me.

It's a heartache when love is gone
And it gets even worse if it keeps on
No one is blinder that he won't see
And it's ashame if you don't share your
love with me.

You can't help it if she is gone
You must try to forget
You must live on
It's a good thing to love someone
But it's ashame if you don't share your
love with me.

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•THE YOUNG FOLKS

(As recorded by Diana Ross & The
Supremes/Motown)

H. GORDY

A. STORY

Here they come looking so alive
They're here for business buddy
So none of your jive
Brighter tomorrows are in their eyes
You better make way for the young folks
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
They say yes and you say no
They ask you why and you close the door
My old friend I though you knew bynow
You can't do that to the young folks
Oh no, no, no, no
You might not like it but I've got to
tell you, gotta tell you
You better make way for the young folks
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

They're marchin' with signs

•HOT FUN IN THE SUMMERTIME

(As recorded by Sly & The Family Stone/
Epic)

S. STEWART

End of the spring and here she comes back
Hi, hi, hi, hi there
Summer days, those summer days
That's when I have most of my fun back
Hi, hi, hi, hi there
Summer days, those summer days.

Cloud 9 when I want to, out of school
Country fair in the country side
Everything is cool
Hot fun in the summertime
Hot fun in the summertime
Hot fun in the summertime
Hot fun in the summertime.

First of the fall and there she goes back
Bye, bye, bye, bye there
Summer days, those summer days
Poo poo pa poo poo poo when I want to,
out of school
Country fair in the country side
And everything is cool
Hot fun in the summertime
Hot fun in the summertime
Hot fun in the summertime.

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They're standin' in lines, yeah
Protesting your right to turn out the light
in their life
Here's the deal, accept it if you will
They're coming on strong
It's their turn to deal
My old friend I thought you knew by
now
You gotta make way for the young
folks
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
You might not like it but I've gotta tell
you, gotta tell you
You better make way, you gotta make
way, you better make way for the
young folks
You might not like it but I've gotta tell
you, gotta tell you
You better make way, you gotta make
way, you better make way for the
young folks.

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•I COULD NEVER BE PRESIDENT

(As recorded by Johnnie Taylor/Stax)

HOMER BANKS

BETTY CRUTCHER

RAYMOND JACKSON

If I became President
I know I wouldn't last a day
I run all the country just to suit your
taste
I'd bring home all the fellows from over
in Viet Nam
Station them around your door
So the world can't do you no harm
Id' name the state and the city
Honey after you
Inspite of your poverty there's no limit
to what I'd do.

I could never be President
As long as I'm loving you
Could never be President
As long as I'm loving you.

Honey I would make you the first lady
of the land
Don't you know if these Presidential
powers were in my hands
Congress would veto the best bill I would
pass
But you would be till you are the best
I'd make of every downtown street
So your little feet wouldn't get so tired
When you go on a shoppin' spree
Honey to make sure you never, never
have a care
I'd open the door to Fort Knox and tell
you to help yourself
I'd give you a nation and if that didn't
seem to do
I'd send up Gemini
Make a claim on the moon for you.
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PARADE OF SONG HITS



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•THE NITTY GRITTY

(As recorded by Gladys Knight & The Pips/Soul)
LINCOLN CHASE

Yeah, mm, yeah
Do you know that some folks know about it some don't
Some will learn to shout it, some won't
But sooner or later baby, here's a ditty
Say you're gonna have to get right down to the real nitty gritty
Now let's get right on down to the nitty gritty

Now one, two nitty gritty

Now yeah, mmm, nitty gritty now
Oooooo-wee, right down to the real nitty gritty

Oooooo-wee, can you feel it double beatin' I keep repeatin'

Get right down to the real nitty gritty. Say it again double beatin'

Get on down, we gotta get right down to the real nitty gritty

Let's get, let's get right on down to the nitty gritty

It's all right, it's all right

Get on down, get on down

Get right down to the real nitty gritty

Listen to me now

Oooooo-wee, oooooo-wee

Come on and let the good times roll

Let the music sink down into your soul

Double beatin' keep repeatin'

You gotta get right down to the real nitty gritty

Get on down, get on down

Talkin' about the nitty gritty

Get on down, get on down.

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•OB-LA-DI, OB-LA-DA

(As recorded by Herb Alpert/A&M)

JOHN LENNON
PAUL MCCARTNEY

Desmond has a barrow in the market place

Molly is a singer with the band

Desmond said to Molly

Girl, I like your face

And Molly sings this as she takes him by the hand.

Ob-la-di ob-la-da

Life goes on, yeah

La la la la life goes on

Ob-la-di ob-la-da

La la la la life goes on.

Desmond takes the trollie to the jewelry store

Buys a 20 carat golden ring

Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door

And as he gives it to her she begins to sing.

(Repeat chorus)

In a couple of years they have built a home sweet home

With a couple of kids running in the yard
Of Desmond and Molly Jones.

Happy ever after after in the market place

Desmond let's the children lend a hand

Molly stays at home and does her pretty face

And in the evening she's a singer with the band,

(Repeat chorus).

In a couple of years they have built a home sweet home

With a couple of kids running in the yard
Of Desmond and Molly Jones

Happy ever after in the market place

Molly let's the children lend a hand

Desmond stays at home and does his pretty face

And in the evening she still sings it with the band,

(Repeat chorus).

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•ODDS & ENDS

(As recorded by Dionne Warwick/Scepter)
HAL DAVID

BURT BACHARACH

Your pillow wasn't slept upon

Your closet was empty too

All of your shirts and ties were gone

There wasn't a trace of you

How could you go and leave so completely.

Nothing was left of all the memories that we used to share

Just an empty tube of toothpaste and a half filled cup of coffee

Odds and ends of a beautiful love affair.

At least you could have said goodbye

You shouldn't have run away

Were you afraid that I would cry

My tears might have made you stay

Gone are the dreams that kept us together

Nothing is left to show that we were once so happy there

Just an empty tube of toothpaste and a half filled cup of coffee

Odds and end of a beautiful love affair

Odds and ends of a beautiful love affair

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pictures I hear

by
Brigitta

Martin Lamble is dead, but you can hear him working out with the other members of his group, Fairport Convention, on their first album, for A & M Records, titled just *Fairport Convention*; Martin was the baby-faced 19-year-old drummer; the English paper *Melody Maker* reported on the highway accident which, in early May, killed Lamble and injured three other members of the group. . . . Any fatal motor accident is, of course, ghastly; but the reason I mention this one particularly is that it concerns one of the most exciting combination folk-and-rock, electric - and - acoustic groups ever recorded - and I fervently hope that the tragedy won't mean the break-up of the group. . . . If there can be such a thing as good news about such a bad thing, the good news is that Alexandra Elene MacLean Denny was not traveling in the group van when it overturned; and God knows we need Sandy Denny. . . . Who is she? Well, Sandy Denny is only the greatest thing to come along since Mama Cass, Judy Collins, Dusty Springfield, Joni Mitchell and Julie Driscoll all rolled into one. . . . Sandy Denny is the composer of the title song of Judy's most recent album, *Who Knows where the Time Goes*; and on the album *Fairport Convention*, Sandy is the womanly power-center of a six-man folk-oriented rock group; none of those other girl singers has a patch on Sandy—she can make you forget them all. And, please, when you listen to Fairport Convention, don't think too badly of the Pentangle. . . . Fairport is perhaps a cousin-group to the Pentangle. . . . similar roots; sometimes Fairport does traditional British ballads rearranged to their own modern tastes; however, unlike the Pentangle, they are very definitely electrified. . . . They haven't got any famous names like Bert Jansch and John Renbourn in the group. . . . and they haven't got the fantastic amount of hype and Super-Groupiness that attended Pentangle's arrival on the scene. . . . and that could be a definite plus for Fairport, because I know at least in my case, it was a great delight to be able to discover their music all by myself, without all the screaming and yelling from press and record company publicists and commercials on the radio telling me they are the hottest thing in folk, or folk-rock, or folk-pop, or something. (Of course, now I'm telling you about them, but at least you can rest assured I'm not getting any kickbacks for doing it.) Another obvious plus for Fairport is having for mentor and producer Joe Boyd, the genius who has engineered all the Incredible String Band's records. . . . I don't know anything about "mixing" and all those terms, but I do know that Fairport Convention on record has a unity of sound and a bursting soulfulness that, in my opinion, the Pentangle lacks. . . . Listening to Pentangle disassociates me; I get all these crystalline solo parts and delicate tracteries that seem to run parallel but never cross. . . . I don't have anything against Pentangle, understand, but if they broke up tomorrow it wouldn't bother me too much, because I

just can't get the feeling through my thick head that they were ever really together. . . . Fairport Convention *did* manage to get through my skull; and if they did it to me, they ought to be able to do it to just about anybody. Besides the souped-up English ballads, Fairport does a Joni Mitchell song, "Eastern Rain," with a great cumulative-raindrop lead-in (Joe Boyd is a wonderful water engineer; he gets across some sensitive water effects on ISB albums too). But the showpiece of the album is Bob Dylan's hugely moving "I'll Keep it with Mine," which is dynamite and should be released as a single. "I'll Keep It With Mine" has got to be one of the most beautiful songs Dylan ever wrote, and one of a handful of his works where the melody equals and balances the creativeness of the lyrics, and Sandy Denny sings it magnificently and makes it her own song.

Several of the group members have written good songs for the album, especially Richard Thompson's "Meet on the Ledge" which has the rousing sound of American gospel-spiritual, but without imitativeness, keeps the integrity of its English core; "Mr. Lacey," written by A. S. ("Tiger") Hutchings, its allegorical satire doubtless influenced by Dylan, but more playful and lilting than most Dylan allegories, and accompanied by a discreetly sinister whirling sound (" . . . Please Mr. Lacey/Let me work your lovely machine. . . ") that might represent anything from an Osterizer to a cyclotron. . . . Simon Nicol's small-scale Medieval-sounding piece—playing his acoustic guitar like a lute—ends the album on a peaceful note. . . . By the way Fairport is the quietest-sounding electric group I have ever heard—they are capable of generating plenty of excitement, but without excessive noise. . . . Sandy's other vocal *tour-de-force*, "She Moves through the Fair," is one of those uniquely English ghost-love stories; she is both huskily erotic and lyrically erotic; and the electric instruments splendidly intensify the haunt.

Fairport Convention does have a much larger, warmer and more imaginatively-executed sound than the—still pleasantly adequate—Pentangle; the lesson is simply that the highs aren't always where the hype is. Part of Fairport's artistic advantage may be because it is a slightly larger group; part of the magic is the successful mix with electric amplification; but mostly it comes around again to the commanding presence of Sandy Denny; she is that rare kind of singer who can blend into the total group sound (on Ian Matthews and Richard Thompson's "Book Song," for example)—almost as easily as she takes the spotlight. Sandy doesn't belong to the group as Julie Driscoll belongs to Brian Auger's Trinity, or as Jacqui McShee belongs to the Pentangle. . . . rather, the group belongs to Sandy, much in the way the Lost Boys belonged to Wendy. . . . and what's so wrong with that, Male Supremacists? These are my people, Freddy.

Top L. to R. — Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, Bottom — Connie Kay, John Lewis.



MJQ

Jazz

For All Seasons

The Modern Jazz Quartet was born and started its growth in a musical era which was not overly tolerant of drastic innovation. In 1955, the year the Modern Jazz Quartet played its first solo concert at the Berkshire Music Barn in Berkshire, Massachusetts, jazz and "so-called" serious music were separate entities which did not seem likely to be merged. During the ensuing fourteen years MJQ under the superb direction of pianist and arranger John Lewis, has played together with virtually every major symphony orchestra in America, and has commanded a following of American, British, and European music lovers of the most sophisticated and discriminating tastes. With the release of their latest album on Apple Records, the Modern Jazz Quartet is extending itself into the current popular music stream without altering their musical forms.

John Lewis, Milt Jackson, Percy Heath, and Connie Kay have been called "the most unique and historic ensemble making music in the world today." While each is an outstanding artist in his own right, MJQ's collaboration has resulted in a musical institution which has remained intact despite the rapidly changing tastes of audiences today. Many jazz artists make guest appearances with symphony orchestras. However, the Modern Jazz Quartet is the only jazz group with a long list of works by contemporary American and European composers written for such combined performances. After completion this month of a series of East Coast concert performances, the MJQ will take off for their 10th solo concert tour of England and Europe.

According to Lewis, "For those who look for an explanation of the combination of jazz and classical, there apparently isn't one. It's like the artist Salvadore Dali describing a painting: 'I like my mother-in-law; I like pork chops; why not paint my mother-in-law with a pork chop on her shoulder.'"

In their in-person performances, whether it be at the Apollo Theater or in the London Palladium, the MJQ has sought to lose the individual personality within the unit by following close rules of stage arrangement and dress. They continuously manage to achieve this unity in their playing also, while retaining individuality with solo improvisations and an allegiance to stay within a specific direction.

Music critics over the past two decades have termed the Modern Jazz Quartet as "third stream" artists because of their ability to combine chamber-music discipline with jazz spontaneity. John Hinterberger, music consultant and reviewer for the Seattle Daily Times gives his impressions of MJQ:

"The Modern Jazz Quartet is a rare thing: a foursome which provides for full individual expression, yet still achieves a rich unity. Lewis's piano points the way. A melodic and simple right hand sets the theme and the left hand merely adds soft comments, brief chords that modulate what he has to say instead of underlining it with a rolling beat.

If Lewis is the controlling idea of the Quartet, Milt Jackson's vibraphone adds a contrasting emotionalism. Against the simple piano statement, the vibes embellish and expand the effect with elaborate tonal commentary.

Percy Heath's bass lends a deftness to the expression and Connie Kay's drums provide both rhythm and emotional key."

The Quartet has destroyed most of the barriers which have existed between the traditional concert stage and the jazz concert stage. They have remembered their jazz audience and have taken this audience with them wherever they play. The group recognized the demands of the concert stage and willingly accepted a concert apprenticeship. Their first extensive European tour in 1957 included playing 88 concerts within a period of four months. They have since set a concert trail through the U.S., Europe and the Far East which many jazz groups have followed.

In May of 1968 the Whitney Museum in New York scheduled a series of "non-concerts," the purpose of which was to provide a background for strolling art enthusiasts in the galleries. During the initial weeks of the experimental series, there seemed to be a suitable mixture of people who

came to listen and those who were there to examine the museum's exhibits.

In mid-June, the Modern Jazz Quartet was invited to play "background." The evening of the non-concert, 1300 people came to the museum, with more than a thousand of them jamming into the gallery where MJQ was playing. Museum officials were openly disturbed to find that the concert was proving to be such an attraction, and taking away from "gallery-strolling" time.

The New York Times quotes a representative of the museum as saying, "If audiences come and just listen to the music, then we are not performing our function. We want people to come and see the art. Booking background musical groups such as the Modern Jazz Quartet seems to undermine the importance of our exhibits." MJQ won't be asked back, but a higher compliment could not be paid: On numerous other occasions the Quartet was to "accompany" a large symphonic group, and ended up becoming the main attraction in the eyes of the audience.

Enthusiasts of popular and Rock music often comment on a particular group's cohesiveness or ability to be "together," and blend into a whole making a musical statement. Looking for this rapport between complementing musicians is not a new concept, relating only to the Cream or Janis Joplin and her boys.

The Modern Jazz Quartet has been striving for complete unity since its creation.

According to the New Yorker Magazine, "Over the years, the MJQ under Lewis's extraordinary tutelage, has refined and refined its techniques and materials until they have become virtually the same thing and, miraculously without allowing itself to become dandyish or inbred. The MJQ is a collective triumph. John Lewis's backing is indistinguishable from Milt Jackson's solos, and vice versa, and Percy Heath and Connie Kay are as much a part of Lewis and Jackson as they are of each other." That's together!

The stated purpose of the Beatles' Apple Records is to give recording opportunities and artistic freedom to deserving performers. All the Beatles are particularly excited about their association with the Modern Jazz Quartet. Apple feels that today's pop music audience, with their accelerating sophistication, is capable of appreciating all creative interpretations of music. MJQ has, in their fifteen years of performing, won over both the jazz and classical music audiences. Through their alliance with Apple, there is no doubt but that the Modern Jazz Quartet will reach the pinnacle of their distinguished careers. □ Jerry Klien

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ROLLING STONES

JAGGER Meets The Press



Mick Jagger holding court is quite an experience, as I discovered recently. His answers are often vague or cynical, but the majority are serious. He adopts an air of nonchalance and gives the impression of rather being elsewhere.

One perfect example of this was his reply to my question: What are you doing to prepare for the Ned Kelly role? "Not enough. I'm spending all my time talking to the musical Press and messing about."

Typical Jagger, but probably honest. At least, you can expect forthrightness from him if not always what you regard as a satisfying answer.

He leaned back in a chair drinking apple juice having already rejected one glass as he claimed there was soap in it. He occasionally took a grape from the fruit bowl on the large oval desk which dominates the boardroom and played the Edwin Hawkins Singers "Let Us Go Into The House Of The

Lord" album, the next Three Dog Night LP "Suitable For Farming" which is excellent and an early Elvis collection featuring such goodies as "Rip It Up" and "Blue Moon".

On the subject of recordings, Mick told me. "We've almost got two LPs finished, the tracks are mostly four to five minutes long, so we can't get more than ten on an album.

"The next album won't be out until September 'cause the record companies don't like issuing things in the July period. They'll put out an album and a single together and that's fine - I'll be away filming anyway so we can't do anything on them for a while.

"We'll put out another album and a single before Christmas as well. We're just doing things a bit faster, we tend to concentrate on all our own songs, we can only do what we produce... if we only write thirty songs, that's all we can do. We'd rather have ten good songs than a load of ordinary ones."



Though he hadn't decided what the new single would be when I spoke to him, Mick revealed: "One side is a heavily-produced ballad with a lot of things happening on it-it really will surprise you. The other side is more of a Stones thing."

Asked if the new albums would be very different from previous Stones LPs, Mick replied immediately: "We don't want to repeat ourselves, they're all different. Like 'Their Satanic Majesties' and 'Beggars Banquet', they're both different. I would say the next one is still a very driving thing, not soft, but not too heavy. I quite like it."

Though it was a really hot day and everyone was walking about in summery clothes, the birds' especially darling, I'm pleased to say, we pressed on with seriousness and of Jimmy Miller, their record producer, Mick said:

"He's a groove most of the time. He's very easy to work with. He sometimes makes suggestions, but he usually sits up in his box. If things aren't going well, he comes down, he's very good with the rhythm, he's very good with spoons."

When I mentioned the Stones' Rome dates in the crumbling Colosseum, an event which could well accomplish what the ravaging hordes of ancient layabouts failed to do and raze it to the ground altogether, Mick laughed.

"Yeah, there are a few problems, it hasn't got any seats for a start. But we can surmount them. I'm quite keen on free concerts, they're okay if you can afford them."

"I'm ready to do some concerts in places. I've always been willing. The last one was the NME concert last year, but time doesn't mean much, it could be a minute or a year. You can get stagnant by keep going on stage, the same as you can get stagnant not doing shows."

Mick decided against another apple juice and ordered a lager which was poured by a performing publicist who had just squirted another can of the stuff all over himself.

We talked about acting and Mick commented, "Performance" is quite an interesting film, in its own way. I'm reasonably satisfied with what I did. "You have got to be the person, and I've been reading about Ned Kelly. I don't mind doing it. . . I'm really only interested in music. I don't like to stop working, we've been in the studios all the time, but it's good to do something else and come back with renewed vitality."

Then there was the "Rock and Roll Circus" which was done ages ago and has never been seen. "It'll probably be shown in the autumn to coincide with the album," he said. "The editing's not quite finished yet. It'll blow your mind, baby. TV is so appallingly bad, this is just what it needs."

"It's not hard to be good on TV, but this one is good. I guess in the autumn we'll do another TV show, probably in America. I'd like to play in America again."

What about the Stones' film together? Another subject that keeps cropping up. Then we saw a flash of the Jagger attitude towards such things: "That's a lot of garbage. It's just a good story when you've got nothing."

I asked Mick which record had given him most satisfaction to make and which ones he had really not liked.

"The last album," he replied to the first part. "But when you get involved in the mixing you get so bored 'cause you've heard it two thousand times."

To the second part, he came out with: "Between The Buttons" - What didn't you like on it? - "None of it. I can't even remember doing it. I must have had a mental aberration. Singles? 'Come On,' 'I Wanna Be Your Man,' the rest of them are all right. But I don't play them all every morning."

A queue of other people waiting to see Mick was growing steadily longer and Mick asked me: "Have you got enough before I wheel in the next patient?"

The next patient turned out to be a well-known attractive lady writer who Mick greeted with a cuddle and a squeeze, much to her embarrassment when she saw me watching.

Bill Wyman was sitting by the window in reception watching the goings-on, grinning and saying nothing. When he did speak, it was to say: "Do you remember the last time I saw you, Richard? It was three years ago, we came stumbling out of the Cromwellian and"

The rest is quite unprintable, but I didn't realize his memory was that good. □ richard green

New Stone - MICK TAYLOR

Mick Taylor was 14 and a year away from leaving school when the Rolling Stones had their first English hit with "Come On." Like so many of his age group—he is 20—Mick has never had the opportunity to see on stage 'live' the group he has just become a part of.

But it seems the Stones' stage policy is about to change. According to Mick, the June and July open-air concerts are the first steps towards a return to extensive stage appearances in September. "That was one of the first things Mick told me," said the sandy-haired new Stone recently. "If they were not going to do gigs there would not have been much need for a guitarist."

The Stones' new Mick, Mark II but with hints of the strength of character in the earlier model, was "Meeting The Press" at the Rolling Stones third-floor office when we spoke.

Since the phone call from Mick Jagger three weeks ago asking him to play with the Stones on a recording session at Olympic Studios, Barnes, things have happened rather swiftly for him.

And looking for reasons for the apparent ease and nonchalance he is displaying in meeting the strange situation of being plucked from unemployment to join the world's No. 2 group you might venture to suggest that it is the speed of it all that has prevented a cool appraisal. More likely though, his own steady character is enough to account for it.

He was half expecting Mick Jagger's phone call. "I saw John Mayall at a club," he explained, "and he told me Mick Jagger wanted to get in touch with me for recording. Mick had mentioned he was looking for a guitarist and John had suggested me."

Mick went to Olympic twice and played with the Stones on sessions. At the end of the second one, they asked him to join.

"I was pretty sure at first, but I felt I wanted a little time to think



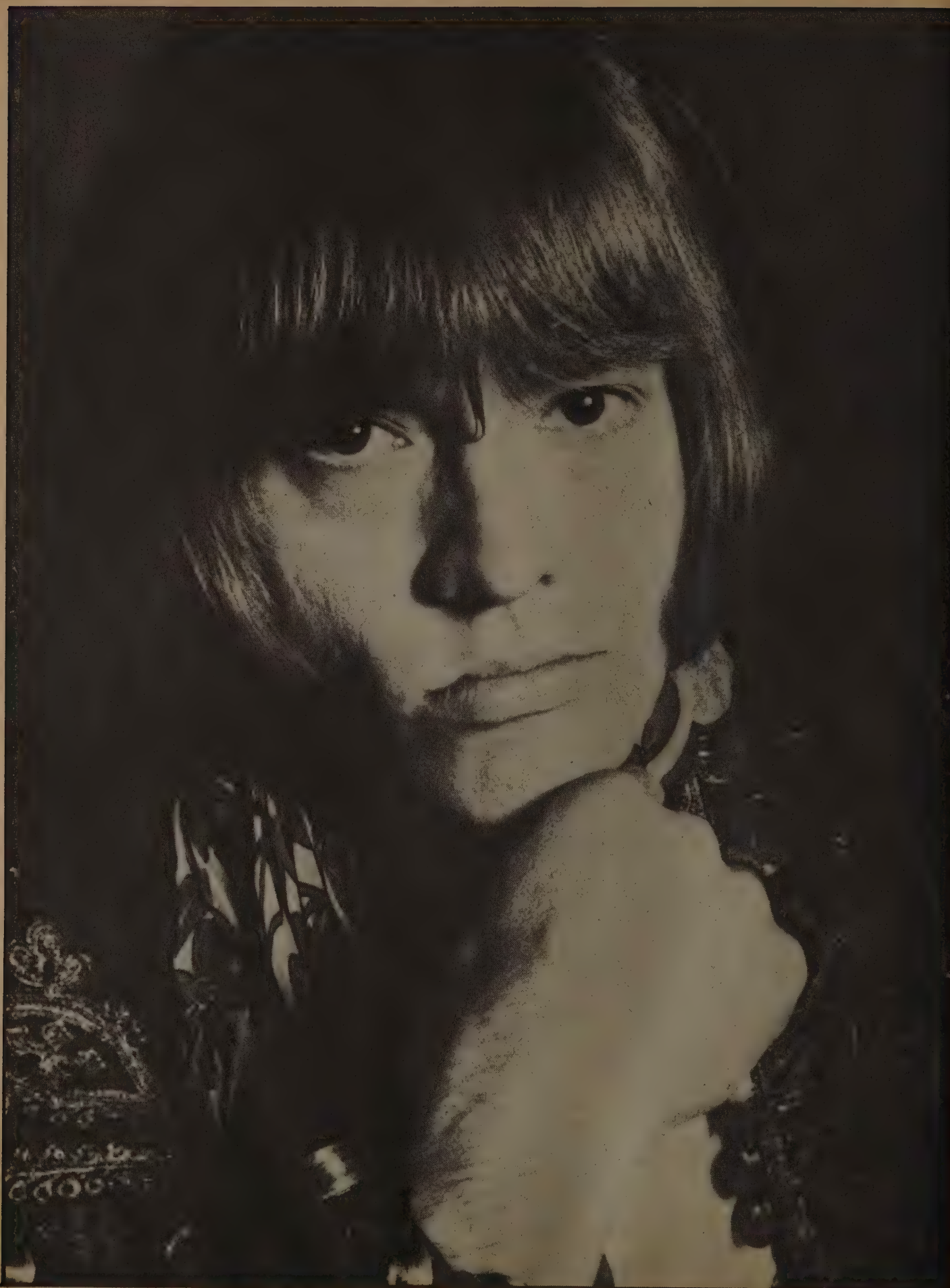
things over," said Mick, I examined my own reasons for wanting to do it.

"And they were for the experience and the musical reasons more than for the recognition and the money.

"It was so unexpected," he

continued, unaware of the understatement. "It's all a bit strange to me, but I don't really feel a part of the group yet and I won't do until I have been with them for quite a while and played with them on gigs." □ nick logan







GOODBYE BRIAN

The coroner's verdict: "Misadventure." This is the final word on the tragic death of Brian Jones, 25, an original Rolling Stone who left the group only four weeks ago to concentrate on giving the world the music he loved - rhythm and blues - which he felt the Stones had deserted.

Brian was working on his new music until late on the evening of July 2, and decided after a dinner and a few drinks, to cool down with a midnight swim in the pool beside his Cotchford Farm mansion at Hartfield, Sussex.

His companions - interior decorator Frank Thorogood, and Swedish girlfriend Anna Vohlin, 22 - left him in the pool and a nurse, Janet Lawson, visiting Frank, found Brian at the bottom. He was rescued, given the kiss of life and massage, but pronounced dead by a doctor at about 3 a.m. on July 3.

Brian Jones was the Stone who loved R&B music the most ardently. That music was his life. As Jimmy Miller, the Stones' recording manager, said: "He was entirely a musician. He never quite adapted to the commercial

and image aspects of the Stones.

"As a musician he should be remembered for the brilliant bottleneck country guitar work on 'Beggar's Banquet,' for his interpretation of blues - played honestly as a white man. And he composed a brilliant score for the German film 'Mort Und Totschlag.'"

Mick Jagger spoke for all the Stones when he said: "I am just so unhappy. I am so shocked and wordless and so sad. Something has gone. I have really lost something.

"We were like a pack, one family in a way. I just say my prayers for him. I hope he becomes blessed, I hope he is finding peace . . . and I really want him to."

The concert in Hyde Park recently, with 250,000 fans attending, was the greatest tribute any pop star could ever have. . . and the Stones dedicated it to Brian Jones.

His father sums up what we all feel: "We had our violent disagreements, but we never stopped loving him." □ andy gray

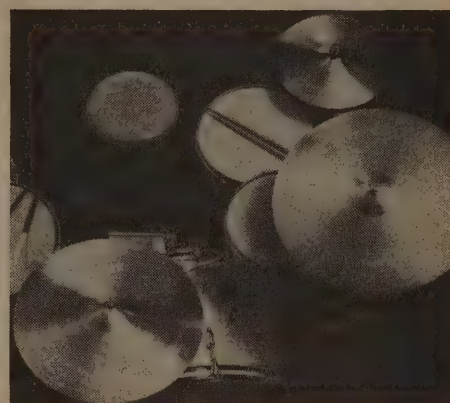
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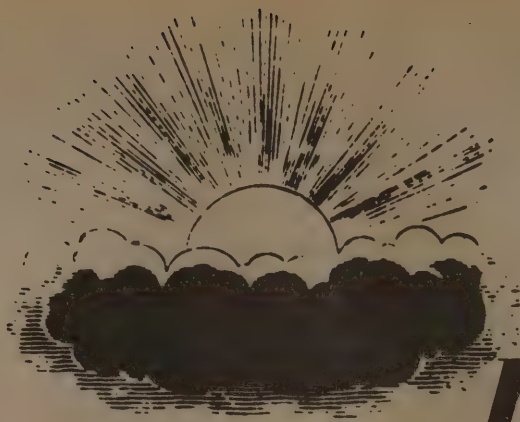
It is a rare occurrence, but it happened... a million seller the first time around. How did it happen?

A young vibrant singer by the name of William OLIVER Swofford got together with one of New York's most creative record producers, Bob Crewe, and together they worked up a recorded version of "Good Morning Starshine." Until that day when Oliver took the song and made it his own, it had been pretty much overlooked as one of the tunes from the Broadway musical "Hair." It was also literally true that until just before his solo performance in the recording studio, he had not given too much serious thought to working as a single. Singing with a group had pretty much become a way of life for him since his entry into the music business.

Oliver was born on February 22, 1945 in North Wilkesboro, North Carolina. He became fascinated with the guitar at 15. His high school years were spent in the pursuit of athletics with folk and barbershop groups providing diversion. A recurring torn muscle forced him to give up track in college — "I became incredibly slow and very sore" — the music emerged as the focal point of his energy. His entry into the business was as a member of a now defunct group called the Virginians. That was in the fall of 1964 and the group had made some regional noise with a record on Epic called "It's A Long Walk Back to Paradise."

Upon graduation from the University of North Carolina, Oliver, the other two Virginians and manager Bill Cash moved to New York to make a more active scene. The next year was spent on the road with the Mitch Ryder Show. The Virginians eventually broke up and Oliver joined forces with another composer-singer to form the Good Earth. "Bill was our manager as he is mine now. We worked together to do some pretty good things on the East Coast." Some of the "good things" were two appearances at Carnegie Hall and one at Fillmore East in George Shultz' production of "An Eclectic Christmas" in 1968.

The Good Earth was a good but short lived experience. "It seemed sad we split, but that was probably best for everyone concerned. I think groups have to be very careful not to let musical and performing ideas become rigid and ingrown. Development in that direction, lack of consideration among members and individual ego tripping have left a lot of broken groups.



new stars on the horizon

"I like working alone. I feel freer, less constrained. I know what I have to do and I try to just do it. There are no superficial hangups." He works well alone. His first LP contains three of his own compositions and other songs penned by a list of writers including Rod McKuen, Joni Mitchell and Mick Jagger and Keith Richards. "I have a really fine creative-work relationship with my producer, Bob Crewe. Bob at the sessions and Bill Cash between sessions pulled things out of me that I was either unaware I could do or was too inhibited to do. The basic feeling is mine and each of them in his own way gave it a shot in the arm. I'm very happy with the whole music situation."

The music is a collage of songs Oliver believes and wants to do. The types of songs vary widely. He doesn't conform to any set bag. Each song is approached in a maturely sensitive, unique, way. "There are so many things of worth available to do. I used to cheat myself by not taking advantage of them. Maybe I just wasn't ready. I'd whisper 'head song' reverently and forget a lot of other really good material. 'Head song' is such a superficial term anyway. You never hear it used to describe the music of Jacques Brel or Anthony Newley and they're two of the most life-aware composers around. The current connotations of 'head' just seem limited. Pot has nothing to do with it. A lot of good writers smoke and a lot don't. It may help open up those that do, and that's fine is that's the case, but they are good writers because they are sensitive, observant and talented in the first place, not because they light up."

"I like performing because it's direct contact with live people. I write a good deal of the time but that's introspective creation rather than interaction. A performer should offer some kind of catharsis to



his audience. I try to make the music give people a chance to become engrossed with what they are hearing enough to possibly experience things they've probably experienced on their own but don't normally let themselves go so as to feel

them fully. You can never reach everybody that way, but it's an ideal to work toward."

Yes, as the song says, "This is the age of Aquarius." It is also the start of an ascending career for Oliver.

JAMES HENDRICKS

The sun, still high in the sky, glistened on the bay mares whithers, as as the clatter of anxious feet beat down on the old schoolhouse steps. James Hendricks yawned as he ambled over to the mare and with one quick movement, mounted. Still clutching the coarse black mare, he nudged her forward to walk alongside of brother Jerry.

The two rode in a smooth canter, past the rows of pumpkins, ready for Halloween, and on through the freshly stacked hay, just bundled by uncle Mark and his men.

The schoolhouse stood just next to about a four square mile section of land in Nebraska, owned by the Hendricks family. All around was the preparation of winter. Autumn was Jim's favorite time of the year, even though the work was hard the rewards were so great out there in the sandhills. Joe and Mary Hendricks had been working this hard land now for many years. James, their first offspring was well into growing himself, and took on almost as much as his older cousins, driving tractors, learning to work the soil, to plant and harvest, learning to listen to his father † and reap the benefits of knowing the right way to do things.

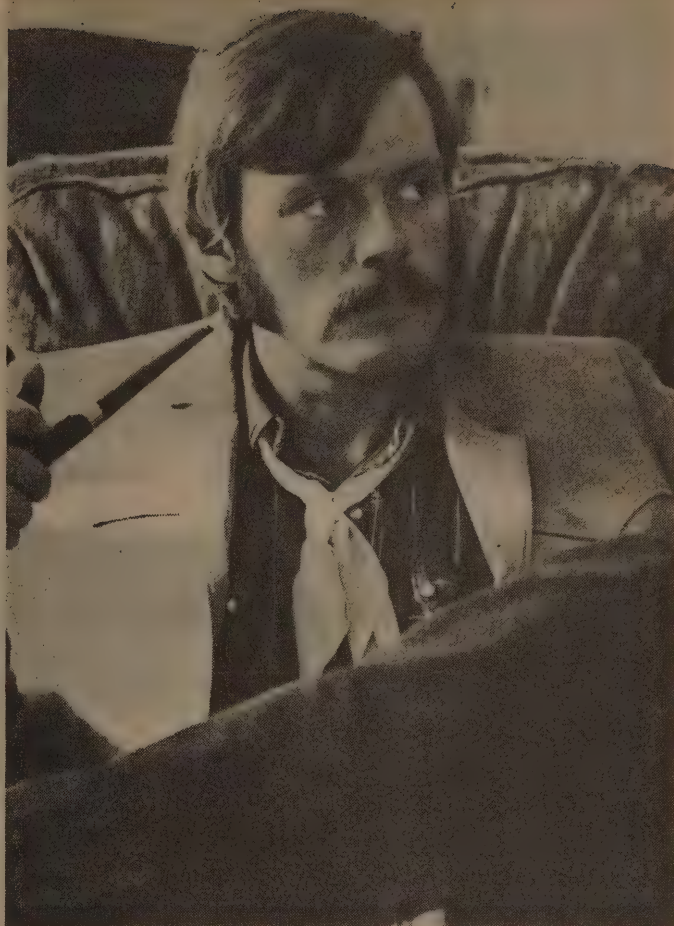
Few things have changed in that respect.

The guitar, always there for a song with his mom on piano became more important to him during those final years of college, where he studied music theory and composition. He later tried to teach them. The classroom indoors was closed and Jim traveled singing for his supper.

New York City offered recording and work with Cass Elliot and Tim Rose. The Big Three as they were called grew, and after a couple of years became the Mugwumps. Jim began to write with Cass.

Soon open spaces of California carried him to where musical thought was new. He began to discover as the folk and rock blues and psychedelic sounds quickly came and went that there was a need for going home to the Colorado Rocky Mountains and then to Nashville -- the home of country music.

These last years have been a time of gathering together of being discovered by Johnny Rivers who recorded his compositions "Summer Rain" and "Look To Your Soul" . . . then John producing Jim's first album "Songs of Hendricks" -- now is the time of harvest and Jim is already preparing for winter and spring and summer and fall.



THE NEON PHILHARMONIC

The story of the Neon Philharmonic is the story of Tupper Saussy, an advertising executive who dropped out, and Don Gant, a singer - songwriter who dropped in.

Tupper studied piano rather infor-

mally from the time he was seven until he reached his middle - teens. At 16, he says, he realized "it was easier to create a work of music than to learn somebody else's." So he "junked Chopin's *Premiere Ballade* on that assumption."

In college (Sewanee) he studied

English, wrote his first fugue, played jazz piano, then went on to teach English and history and coach tennis and football at a private school in Nashville. In 1959 he quit "to make more money" and went to work for a Nashville advertising agency. It seemed this was what he was cut out to do, because only four years later he became the agency's creative director, as well as a full partner, buying half of the company.

In January, 1968 he dropped out, startling nearly everyone. He had been composing symphonies, songs, chamber works, and film scores on weekends, and this is what he wanted to do full time. ("I'd learned arranging, composing, and orchestration by listening to the right records reading the right poems, looking at the right pictures.") He may have been the "king of advertising" but advertising is "restricted expression" he said, and in music he answered to no one but himself.

Because of Tupper's involvement with Monument, one of Nashville's leading record companies, he met Don Gant. Or, perhaps it was Don who met Tupper. No matter.

Three years ago, Don Gant was a 22-year old Nashville boy providing backup voicing and instrumental help (guitar and violin) for the Colpix and Hickory labels, Hickory being another leading Nashville recording firm. He was also traveling with a number of bands.

Don Gant is recognized as a hit songwriter, composing "Cry Softly Lonely One," a national smash for Roy Orbison, and "Run, Baby, Run" the Newbeats' first big hit.

By 1968 Don had become one of the truly important figures "behind the scenes." He was a songwriter still, but mostly he was a businessman, concerned with producing hit records and addicted to reading daily sales reports. Performing was a part of his past.

Along came Tupper Saussy with a request from Warner Bros. - Seven Arts Records to create an original album. The cross-pollination began. The businessman-drop-out with a love of music (Tupper) sat down with the performer-drop-in (Don) . . . and both became one, producing an exciting LP, "The Moth Confesses." They called themselves the Neon Philharmonic.

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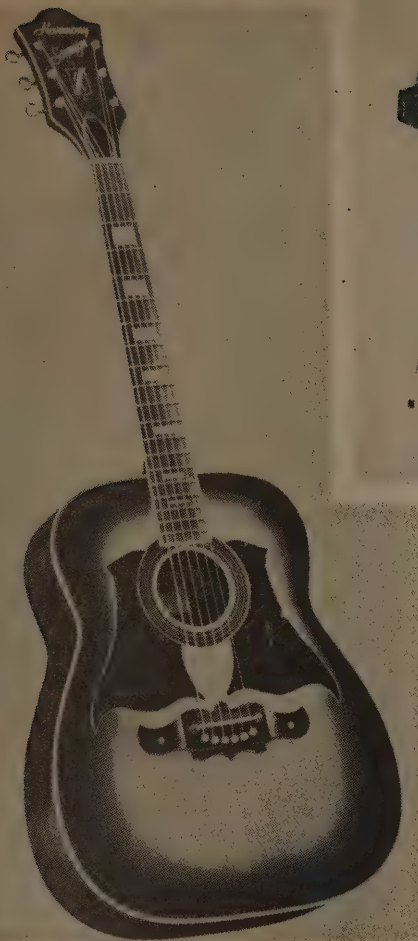


W.M.I. TM-3 MICROPHONE

The TM-3 omnidirectional microphone heads off a WMI grouping of microphones on an attractive walnut display panel. The TM-3 is in the new tulip shaped configuration which is so popular among all professional performers.

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This model shares the display spotlight with WMI models TM-1, 2 and 4. The complete line (Models TM-1, 2, 3 and 4) is available from WMI Corporation, Dept. HP, 1228 Emerson, Evanston, Illinois, at suggested retail prices of \$9.95 to \$29.95.



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Harmony No. H1266 retails at \$149.50; the plush lined carrying case at \$25.00 For more details write: The Harmony Co., 4600 S. Kolin Ave., Chicago, Ill.



VOX CONTINENTAL BAROQUE PORTABLE ORGAN

Vox dealers are receiving shipments of the company's most elaborate portable organ, the Continental Baroque. The instrument has already been widely acclaimed by professional musicians and has been used on many radio and television shows and in recording sessions.

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Brochure is available from: Vox Division, Thomas Organ Co., 8345 Hayvenhurst Ave., Sepulveda, Calif. 91343



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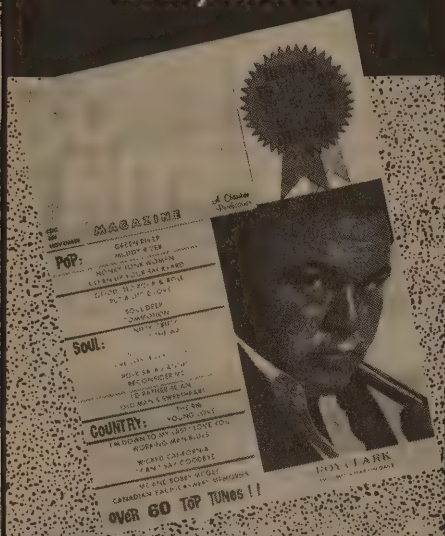
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Wilson Pickett was relaxing in his dressing room backstage at the Apollo Theatre. Taking a long swallow from a can of beer he said, "Look here, I had too many dreams, I'm tellin' you. When a man got a lot of dreams he got to move."

And just what were those dreams?

"I was dreamin' of boats, sport cars. I was dreamin' of havin' a few dollars in my pocket and spendin' it like I want to. I was just dreamin'. 'Now I have a Ferrari sport car; a Thunderbird boat with twin engines that go kind of fast. I like to peek at the girls with their bathin' suits when they're out there takin' a little sun bath.'"

Realization of dreams is seldom easy. For Rhythm and Blues super stars appearing at the Apollo Theatre for a week it is hard work, not only on an artist's stamina, but it is especially taxing on a singer's voice. No one works harder than Wilson Pickett in putting on a show whose "magic" springs from his own vitality, sensuality (that men can identify with, and girls are attracted by) and self-confidence in creating super musical excitement.

Wild Man Steve, the MC, introduces "The World's Greatest Soul Singer" by chanting in revival style: "Willlll-son! Pick-etttt!!!" The band (known as The Midnight Movers") whip into a driving "She's Looking Good" as Pickett, flashing a smile-white teeth in sparkling contrast to his deep brown skin-starts singing, "Uh! Lookie here! You got the kind of lovin'/Make a man lose his mind!!!" A girl in an orange dress and matching felt hat sitting in front of us begins to rock softly in her seat, the electricity from Pickett's voice making her dance right there. Tension and excitement build as Pickett's voice fills the theatre. The voice has a hoarse quality, yet is clear. Pickett's hard driving style accents each word; visually he carries this out in the movement of his body: his left leg constantly moves with the beat; his arms and hands reach out-sometimes punctuating the air in emphasis. As his lithe body/bends, driven by the music, he sings a high scream that seems to touch the marrow of your bones. "Soul!" murmurs a heavy-set man on our left. Pickett's head snaps back and forth with the rhythm, the mike in his right hand, the fingers of his left hand (which control the chord from the mike) are shaking-controlled only by the drive of the music.

"I don't know about you-all, but I feel pretty good this evenin'," Pickett shouts as the band begins to play "Midnight Mover." "Ooooooh," he screams, then a quick sigh of "Lord Have Mercy!!!"

The spotlight trained on Pickett picks up the sparkle of the large diamond "pinky" ring on his right hand, as he unbuttons the black sleeveless leather tunic he is wearing over a purple shirt and black mohair pants. Beads of perspiration on his forehead shine in the light. He begins to dance across the stage, a dance which is short little jumps as if the drive and force of the music itself were propelling him across the stage. He jumps down the steps into the aisle, confidently reaching out to shake outstretched hands, singing and shouting. Girls squeal, extending their hands to touch him. Men grab his hand as he goes up the aisle. Now he's back in front of the stage, looking up on stage.

"Hey Buzzy," he calls to his drummer, "do that thing!" and the drummer goes into a heavy back-beat. Pickett cries out, "I wish I could get one young lady to shake that thing..."

Before he can finish, a "Mini-skirt Mini" is up from the first row and shaking towards him. In a flash, another chick in tight pants is really into it; followed by three or four more. Pickett dances with all of them. The ones who aren't directly in front of him, constantly try to pass in front of the ones who are! The audience is on its feet, laughing and clapping. Pickett is back on stage. The girls are still dancing in front of him. Pickett falls face down on the stage, the trumpet player holds his feet so he won't flip off the stage! The girls suddenly come on stage-really performing for everybody to see! The song ends as one of the chicks grabs Pickett and kisses him! The curtain closes. The girls come off the stage. Pickett closes his show and his week at the Apollo with the traditional "Amen."

The star's dressing room at the Apollo is not luxurious. Beige walls have too many coats of over-painting; the basic furniture is a few not too steady chairs, a sofa, bed and dressing table. There is a washbowl in one corner that Pickett has stocked with cold beer hidden among ice cubes. When we arrived to do the interview Pickett was chatting with some fans ("I know your cousin 'Butch' Pickett" "Who's he?" asks Pickett. "I'd like to meet him!"),



and The Sweet Inspirations (fellow Atlantic Records artists). Having just finished a show, he was still perspiring and wrapped in a yellow and green print terrycloth robe. A slender, though muscular, man of 5 feet 8 inches, he wears a natural hair style and has high cheek bones that make him look a little like a Sioux Indian. His voice is husky and he laughs easily. He talks constantly, using his hands to express himself.

In talking about the current world-wide interest in Rhythm and Blues, Pickett feels that the focus came about when white teenagers discovered it. He thinks that their interest was a natural musical evolution.

"Mostly the young people was starvin' for a groove, a beat, somethin' that they could really get goin' behind, let their hair down and sock-it-to-'em; and Rhythm and Blues fell right into that thing at the right time. A lot of people ask me, 'How long do you think Rhythm and Blues is gonna last?' I think Rhythm and Blues is goin' to last forever.

"They got all kind of names for music now, but big as this world is you can have as many kinds of music as you want-and you ain't never 'sposed to knock another groove. I'll bet you money I can get out there and sing me one of them underground songs just as quick as anybody else!"

Wilson Pickett was born in Prattville, Alabama, twenty-eight years ago. He began singing in Church ("Always a Baptist"), and in grade school plays that the teachers would organize. He remembers one particular experience, singing "'Rudolph The Red-Nosed Reindeer' - type things," dressed as a brown teddy bear."

"I never will forget, my teddy bear suit was a little too thin one time, and I turned around where I do my little thing, where I bend over, and my brown suit burst behind," Pickett said, laughing. "So everybody laughed and I got 'shamed and ran off the stage. They couldn't hardly get me back on there. They said, 'You got to finish your song.' So I did."

Pickett's family moved to Detroit when he was in his teens and he became deeply involved in the Church and Gospel singing, a love he still has today ("If I'm in town and there's a Gospel program, I'm right there.") In Detroit, Pickett formed his own group, The Violinaires, which opened up all the programs on Sunday.

"I'd be walkin' around with my little suit on, (one suit), and I'd be meddlin' all the groups. I said, 'How's your voice today? If you don't get up there and sing, we goin' to ruin you guys.' I'd be telling all the cats that; and the boys'd say, 'Why don't you sit down, man. You can't be pickin' at groups like that.' And I was devilish, you know," Pickett laughs, his

"I had a lot of favorite singers in the Church where Gospel groups was concerned. When Sam Cooke was singin' Gospel I used to be crazy about him; and the Blind Boys and the Sensational Nightingales - I never will forget those guys. The Blind Boys from Mississippi and The Alabama Blind Boys (Archie Browns' group; he's dead now) would team up. I used to like to watch 'em make people shout, you know."

Pickett also remembers working on programs with The Staple Singers and the enormous effect their style had on all Gospel music.

"When 'Uncloudy Day' first came out, it was such a fantastic different sound, they became a smash. The chick (Mavis Staples) sounded like a bass singer, and Oh, my God, man, people just started buying it."

As much as Pickett loved the Church, the problem of earning a living eventually led him to think he would have to try something different.

"When I was in the Church, I was sincere in this. I wouldn't dance or do nothin'; wouldn't drink; wouldn't smoke; wouldn't do nothin'. Just sing. You sing all day and you pass around the basket, and the sisters would put in a dime a piece and said, 'You all boy sure did sing.' And you couldn't get your shirts cleaned or nothin', you know. I mean they loved it, but there wasn't nothin' there. Then you begin to grow to have a family, and you say, 'Well, if entertainin' goin' to be my life, I got to do somethin' now to try to make a livin'."

As Pickett was thinking about his next step, luck smiled on him and he met Willie Schofield of The Falcons:

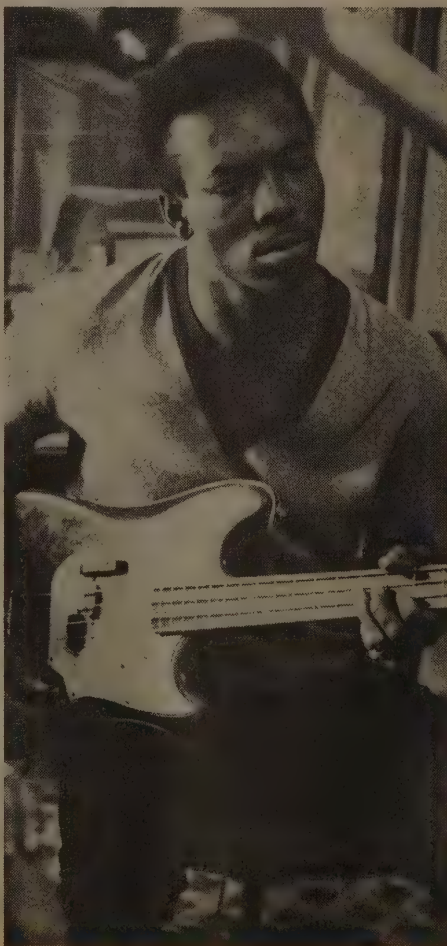
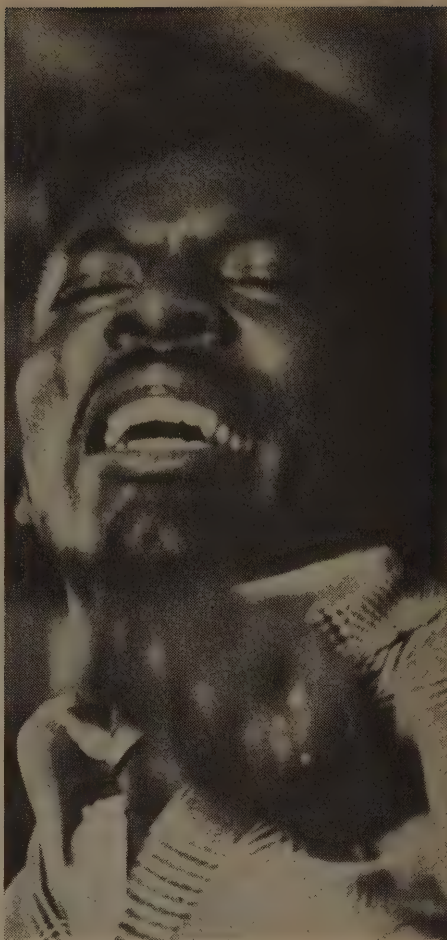
"I was sittin' on my back porch, playin' the guitar, singin' and singin', I forget the song I was singin', a Gospel song. So he walked up there and I didn't know who he was, you know. He asked me, 'Hey, sing that again.' I said, 'Okay,' and I sung it again. He told me, 'I'm Willie Schofield, bass singer of The Falcons and we lookin' for a good lead singer. Would you be interested in singing' Rhythm and Blues?' I said, 'Oh, boy, would I!!!!'

"So I went down to their rehearsal the same day. I knew a lot of Rhythm and Blues songs anyway, but I didn't sing 'em around, you know. I knew their songs. So they kept me there all evenin', singin', singin', singin'. So then they went off to theyself in a little room. Some was for me and some wasn't. The other lead singer, especially wasn't. Joe Stubs. So I signed the contract the same day. In three days I went on the road with them and I been out there ever since."

The transition from Gospel to Rhythm and Blues was not an easy one for Pickett, especially when it came to learning to dance and do The Falcons' routines:

"They always laugh at me, so I couldn't dance. And you know, you be out there tryin' to do the routines. And I'd be fallin' all down and the guys pick me up. And they called me Oscar and my name is Pickett. I would get mad when they called me Oscar. And they said, 'We gonna learn you somethin' out here, Oscar!' The girls would be standin' in front of us, and they'd be laughin'. So I make it up in my mind; I'm gonna put a stop to this, and I started workin'. I become to be a songwriter for the group and I become to out-grow, really, that group. I said, 'Well, fellas, look, the time's come, and I've got to get out here.' So I left the group and went on my own. Behind me I left Eddie Floyd, Sir Mack Rice (he wrote 'Mustang Sally.' His real name is Bonny Rice).

Pickett, however, considers meeting with The



Falcons and working with them to have been his biggest break.

"I don't think I would have been in it as soon if I hadn't been discovered by them. This is why I love those guys today. They made a performer out of me. They never told me a single time, 'Hey, Pickett, you're doin' great.' They'd tell me, 'Oscar, you ain't doin' nothin'. You ain't got the step right, Oscar. You got to do better.' And, man, I kept hustlin'. I said, 'No, I'm gonna get it. Ain't nobody gonna tell me I'm not gonna get it.' The way they did things on the road gave me a lot of experience. I was well-seasoned when I did go on my own. I know what to do."

Pickett does believe that his background in Gospel has helped him since he made the transition to singing Rhythm and Blues.

"It definitely helped me because it developed the kind of voice that I wanted to have. A real hard-type drivin' voice.

"You project out here or die! You get out there and you project or somebody'll throw somethin' at you; or shoot at you; or anything. Bein' an entertainer, people don't know the dangers. It gets awful rough sometimes, especially when you get all tired and people don't understand. They still want to see that same thing, regardless of how tired you are. And you do it, or they'll shoot at you!

"Although you may be down to your last, really last, strength, you just keep it in your mind--'Look, I got to do it.' A lot of times I'll kid and joke and laugh just to keep my morale up. A lot of singers, they'll get 'em a little pep pills, or a little LSD, or somethin', but I'm scared of that.

Imitation may be a form of flattery, but it's pretty hard to imitate Wilson Pickett. Many Soul singers use screams, especially James Brown ("He screams but nobody never knows what key he's in!"), and Pickett has a varied selection of screams and shouts at his command. His unique scream, however, sounds like he's singing an octave and could be called a split-scream.

"There's all kinds of screams. Most screams that guys are doin' out here are off-key, but I scream on-key. Like, if I be singin' on a level, I will scream an octave higher--it'd be in the same key. When I first started I didn't just come out and do it; I gradually built up this thing -- man, that really tightens up those vocal chords and that stretches 'em. If you're not used to it, you can hurt yourself. I sung that a lot of days. I find I can do it with ease. I'm not an opera singer, but that's an opera note."

Pickett uses this split-scream on many records ("Ninety-nine And A Half (Won't Do)", "Danger Zone", etc.), including his recent hit, "Hey Jude." Recording The Beatles' hit was an unusual departure for Pickett, but with the encouragement of Muscle Shoals' guitarist David Allman ("I call him 'Sky Man'"), he did it and got the hit:

"I kept hearin' this tune on the radio every once in a while. It seemed to be such a perfect song that I could put in an LP. We started messin' around with it in rehearsal session. It began to sound better and better and

better. Then I said to myself, 'No, you can't sell this tune. Man, The Beatles sold three million records of this song. I ain't gonna cut this tune.' 'Sky Man' said, 'Pickett, man, I know you can sell this tune the way you're doin' it. Let's cut it, man, let's cut it.' The musicians were out havin' lunch. We called 'em back in and cut the thing. He stood right in front of me, as though he was playin' every note I was singin'. He was watchin' me as I sang, and as I screamed, he was screamin' with his guitar."

Pickett likes to record at Rick Hall's studio in Muscle Shoals (where he cut his last album, "Hey Jude", Atlantic 8215), and Chips Moman's American Studio in Memphis, because the musicians in both places are very cooperative in helping him get the sound he wants. Although he did one session at Stax in Memphis, he was not happy there and never recorded there again.

I didn't get along too well in the Stax organization because a certain arranger walked in one evenin' and told me that my ideas wasn't important in there. I told him to drop dead, because he'll never know what I want to do in life 'cause he don't think the way I do.

When Pickett records he selects the basic songs (about twelve) and takes off a week to do nothing but record. He does not like to overdub, preferring to record "live" with the band. Atlantic Records had thought of recording him in a "live" personal appearance, but this seemed to present too many problems. However, Pickett would like to do an album of Gospel songs, though Atlantic doesn't feel it would sell sufficiently for him to do it.

"They out there to sell records. They're not interested in your feelings or what you want to do, 'cause I think I could cut a good Gospel album. I got some Gospel tunes that I wrote, ain't never been heard!"

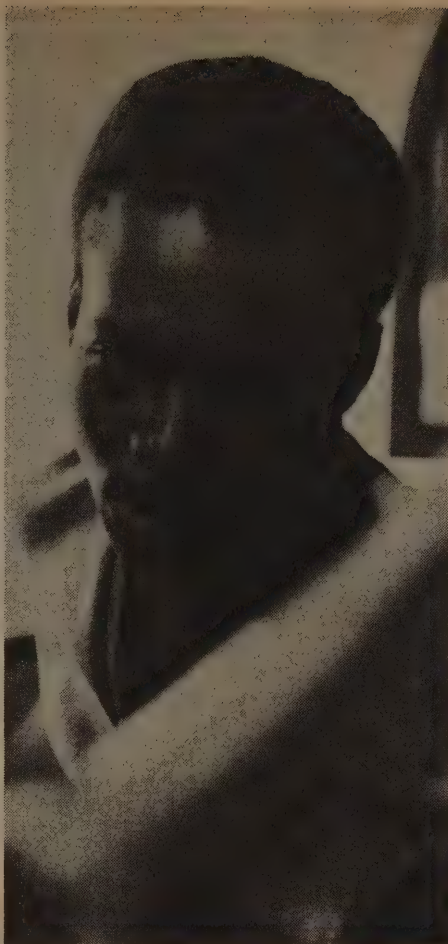
When Atlantic releases single records from Pickett's albums, he doesn't usually get a chance to voice his opinion. Nevertheless, he has found that by listening to a recently cut album many times at home on his tape recorder he can usually spot a potential hit:

"I get my tape recorder at home and sit and listen, you know, and put it down at a low level; and this is really when you can determine what you got. You listen to the whole twelve songs over and over again, and then it'll hit you. I didn't know 'Jude' was that good until I got back home. I said, 'You know, this may be a hit after all.'"

Pickett does the basic arrangements before getting to the studio, then the musicians "create things and make it good." He composes any time he can ("dressin' rooms; car; plane"), finding out that the little bit he does play the guitar is very helpful.

When Pickett does record, he rarely uses any backup singers on his recordings ("When I write it I have these things in mind"). However, when he does want some girls voices, he uses only one group:

"I haven't used any other vocal group outside the Sweet Inspirations for years 'cause I know what I'm goin' to get. You know, I can leave the tape and say, 'Hey, call The



Sweets up,' you know, and when I come back the thing is finished and it's good! I got confidence in 'em."

Pickett's band is one of the best in the business. Sometimes problems do arise, such as during his recent European tour, and as a result Pickett fired his whole band when they got back to the States, with the exception of three horn players (Band leader-tenor sax, Claxton Higgins; trumpet player Chris Low; trombonist, George Chillous). He then interviewed about twenty-five musicians before finding the right replacements. Despite the problems with his band ("I blew gigs on account of them"), Pickett did enjoy performing for European audiences:

"They're receptive and they turn out. It's just like bein' in one of them old time revivals!"

When Pickett appeared at the San Remo Song Festival in Italy in 1968, he was required to sing the song "Deborah" in Italian. The reason for his participation was that he wanted to open up a record market for himself in Italy. He decided to sing half the song in Italian and half in English.

"I started off in Italian, and then I'm just sockin'-it-to-'em in English. I sold a lot of records of "Deborah" over there!"

Even when Pickett isn't doing personal appearances, he usually is in his office playing new songs that have been sent to him; sometimes looking for new musicians. He is currently working with his protege Danny White, and plans to record him very soon.

In talking about other Soul performers, Pickett doesn't like to single out any one particular favorite, though he is, of course a fan of Ray Charles ("People just automatically react to his style. I wish I could get somethin' like that, man"). He did, however, single out a young artist that he likes very much:

"There's a guy coming up now that, in my opinion, is going to be a very big artist if somebody'll sit and listen to him long enough. That's Bobby Womack. To me, he's a genius."

Success is judged by various standards, but when an artist sells records and draws crowds—that's the best proof. What makes up the "magic" that attracts people is harder to define, even when the artist himself tries to pinpoint it:

"It's hard to determine what's goin' to be getting you across. As far as somebody comin' up and shakin' your hand, they just want to meet you—just curious what you're like or how you'll react. When people turn out, you know you're gettin' across. When they stop doin' that, you might as well forget it.

"I guess I'm just about the most misunderstood singer in show business. I get along in Show Business because I got my share of friends and I got my share of people who think they hate me and they don't. They say, 'Hey, I hate him. I don't like him!'—and they sittin' right there on the front row! You understand me? Not one time. Two and three and four times. They keep coming and they keep buyin' records. So if hatin' me make 'em do that, I'm goin' to try and think of some more things to make 'em hate me — 'cause you know that's really good!" □ sue c. clark

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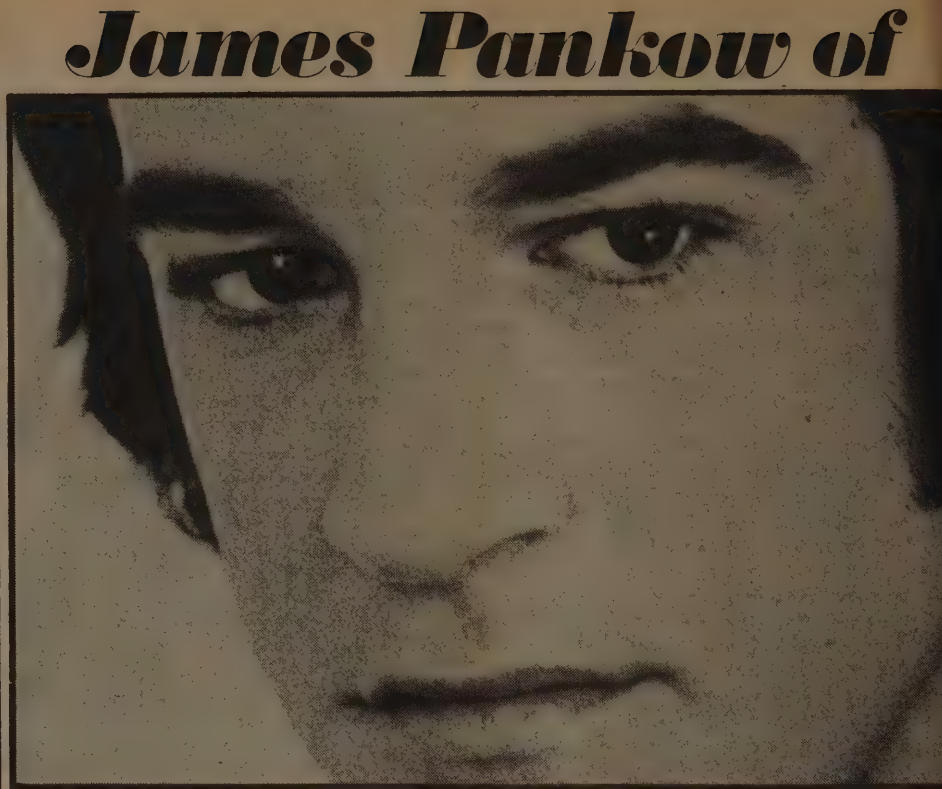
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I was born August 20, 1947 in St. Louis, Missouri. We moved to Chicago when I was 8. I started playing trombone at the age of 10.

When I was young, I listened to what everybody else was listening to, I guess. My father was the first musical influence that I had. He played the piano for 12 years. He would play a lot of big band thing. for me. The old big bands really turned him on — Glen Miller, Tommy Dorsey, Count Basie and others. He exposed me to music in general before anybody else did. I guess that's where I inherited my musical desires. I wanted to be a drummer like most kids do. But I got discouraged because there were so many drummers at the time. I felt that I would be left out in the cold because there wasn't much of a chance to prove myself. So, I decided to take up something a little more challenging—an instrument that most of the other kids weren't taking. I decided on the trombone because it was strange and it looked interesting. For the first three

years it was really a drag. I didn't really dig it because the practicing was very hard and I wasn't really getting anything out of the bell of the horn. It was just noises and bad sounds. I got quite discouraged.

But, in high school the time table turned. With the help of Reverend George Wischerken, who is the music director at Notre Dame High School in Ill., I was rejuvenated as far as musical interests because the jazz they had there was phenomenal. Even today it's considered one of the best jazz bands in the country. We took awards at the Collegiate Jazz Festival. It was a 17-piece jazz band. We did a lot of original transcriptions and arrangements that were given to us by people like Count Basie, Quincy Jones. The music was hard, especially for me, because I hadn't done anything like that previously. But, I knew it was something that I really liked. I learned to read music in grammar school but it was very simple things. The more challenging music in high school made



me work a little harder and helped me to learn faster.

By the time I was a junior in high school, I was working professionally with big bands in the area. After high school, I went to Quincy College, in Quincy, Ill. and played there. After my first year of college, I worked with an orchestra that toured around the south. I did quite a few jobs with the Bobby Christian orchestra, Dick Shorey and others. Then I started getting into my own groups. I formed a small jazz group.

I was listening to rock and roll back then (late 50's, early 60's) but horns and rock and roll were still an unheard of thing. I was listening to groups like the Jazz Crusaders and Cannonball Adderley who were playing jazz but with a little rock and roll, a strong beat flavor. It opened my mind to the use of horns in rock and roll. I knew that concept was still unheard of and even quite appalling to the kids my age and I was a bit afraid to get into rock with the horns. So, I formed a jazz group, kind of a rock jazz group in 1966. We played just down home horn things along the lines of the Jazz Crusaders. We became quite popular in the area. We did a lot of things for Northwestern University and some of the area colleges. We played at the International Teen Fair and believe it or not, it was a rock oriented contest, guitars and the whole thing. We came in second out of 500 entries. We flipped them out with our new approach to rock and roll.

I majored in musical education in college. I'm sorry to say, I only went three years to college and I dropped out. I got so involved professionally, the formal education passed by. I hope to go back to school because there's a lot to be learned when music becomes your whole life.

One of my biggest influences was my experience playing in the Bill Russo Chicago Jazz Ensemble. They were into blues-rock things built around strange time structures. Russo combined instruments like bass trumpet, oboes, French horns, two drummers, two bassists, a cello section. Really weird instrumentation, but beautiful music.

Previous to the Chicago Transit Authority, I had my doubts about fitting my trombone playing into music that I liked. It didn't seem possible, the way things were going. Trombone isn't a popular instrument at all. I really dug the old Slide Hampton band and they weren't very popular. J.J. Johnson has always been my favorite trombone player. I still listen to him.

The more I got into trombone, I worried about playing. I wanted to use trombone and horns on the good rock songs I heard but I worried about being put down for it.

Then this band came along. We started



off as a club group, like most Chicago groups do. You have to play games with the club owners. You have to go onstage and do steps and wear mohair suits. It's a common trip. But we saw the potential we had. With my arranging ability we started to get into our own things.

Some of the guys were formerly in a band called the Missing Links and they left because they wanted to play more modern music. They asked me if I'd like to be involved. At the time the odds were all against us. There wasn't any work available. It was strictly our own efforts and judgement.

So, we all quit our jobs and rehearsed in Wally's basement for forty hours a week and starved for two months. Finally we got the club date on the south-side. We played the usual soul tunes. The top 40 tunes.

A year later we got uptight performing other songs and discovered we had original music. So we got down to writing our own material and working it into our performances. When that happened, we got fired from clubs. The music was too far out.

Then our producer, Jim Guercio came along. At the time he was working with

the Buckingham in California. We had known Jim for a long time. As a friendly gesture, he came to Chicago and listened to our original material. Apparently we had something he liked. He told us to keep working on our own stuff and as soon as he could, he'd bring us out to California. Shortly before that we heard the Buckinghams "Time and Changes" album and saw that Jim produced it. The brass arrangements on that album were so beautiful — so musical. That inspired us even further.

Sure enough Jim called us. We went to California and got a booking at the Whiskey and began to build. Because of our excellent management and honest concern from Jim and everybody around us, all we had to worry about was our music. They took care of all the bills, the booking hassles — all of that, and we just worked on music. Because of that we're here today and we couldn't be any happier.

We thought of amplifying the whole band but decided against it when we saw what a volume battle the individual instruments could get into. Just our rhythm section is amplified.

Everyone in the band now comprises the original personnel. We all wanted a heavier bag and we were all proficient

enough to grow with our music. We've always been together and helped each other out and progressed. Of course, the management was beautiful too. They were very helpful.

It's hard to say what we'll be getting into. We could step into even heavier things along the lines of modern jazz. We're not really worried about what the audience thinks, but we're very conscious of what is appealing. After all, it's the people out there that make you what you are.

I feel that jazz left the people hanging. It progressed to a point and then went to artists like John Coltrane. The Beatles played music the people wanted to hear. Once they won the respect of the world, they started stretching out and the people grew right along with the Beatles. If our reputation grows, perhaps the people will identify with our progress too. Right now we're happy to be fulfilling our musical intentions as they presently stand. We play honest, real music but it won't remain the same. It has to change. Hopefully the level of our audience will change too and they'll be ready to accept our progress. □ as told to jim deheant



**JOHN
FOGERTY**
On
**The New
Album**

The title of our new album is *Green River*. That's the atmosphere of the whole album. We included "Bad Moon" and "Lodi" of course, in stereo.

The title song "Green River" is particularly our own. Somewhat along the lines of "Susie Q." "Commotion" is something new as far as recording goes. It has a 1930's big band uptempo tune. But we don't have horns or anything. It's very fast, like "Sing, Sing, Sing." That would be one of the influences, but there are country and western records like that too. Jim Kweskin does stuff like it. Sounds like a train. It's about the drag of the city - a two minute impression



of New York City.

"Sinister Purpose" is very stereo oriented. It's a bit somber feeling and serious but not at all intellectual. I don't take it serious although it has a serious subject. A black Mass type theme - worshipping the devil.

"Tombstone Shadow" is about an experience I had with a fortune teller. It was funny at the time but all the stuff he told me was true. It feels weird when I think about it. I wonder how far can I carry all this. You know, fortune tellers pump you first and then they threw what you told them back at you. It's a blues tune with triple lead guitar and driving

rhythm section.

"Wrote A Song For Everyone", is probably my favorite song on the album. It's about different things that happened to me. It's a ballad but not a Johnny Mathis ballad. Just a softer tune.

The whole album is just plain old simple us. Still no big production things. But I think I'd like to try some bigger things someday. I don't want to use it now. I don't see any places where an orchestra or horns could fit.

I've literally been trying to write "Bad Moon Rising" since 1957. It started then when I learned my first chord on guitar. It's part of that one chord dream I had. I'm still working on that hundred guitar

thing by the way. "Bad Moon" is parallel in the rhythm guitar sound. It took about ten years to get a valid melody for it. I had just written "Lodi", and one day, I had about a half hour spare time so I sat down and got a line or two. One thing led to another and it was finished in a half hour. I really dug it and knew it would be a good song, but I'll end up throwing it away. I had another song called "Bad Moon Rising", but it was real corny and it had different chords. I threw the song away, but kept the title. I might have gotten the idea from all those horror movies, but more like real life things. Like *The Devil* and *Daniel Webster*, the farmer who sold his soul

to the devil and his crops were great, but the crop right next to it was destroyed. There is social commentary in it I guess, but I don't make a thing out of it. I'm enjoying having simple words that mean nothing.

Solomon Burke asked me to write some songs for him and I will if I get the time. I loved his version of "Proud Mary" more than any other. He knew what it was all about really. It's an escape song. He blew a few of the heaviest lines in the song. He probably didn't understand the way I sang the words. But he tells you where he's at in the beginning of the record.

All of us are just starting to get going in music. We're really getting into our rhythm things now. We're just scratching the surface.

As far as learning studio techniques, prior to 1964 I spent about 4,000 hours hanging around in little studios. I played on some sessions, but mainly I just watched and listened and learned. I was just freelancing in funky little studios. I played harp, guitar, piano or just clap my hands. I did it for free, just to learn. Mainly, because most musicians are just treated like a piece of meat when a producer gets them.

I usually engineer our own sessions too, but if there's a good guy there I'll use him. We controlled that from the beginning.

We use different studios. First album was done at Coast Recorders in San Francisco and the second was done at RCA in Hollywood. This new album is at Coast again. We hate to go far to record. We love this Coast Studio. Fantasy Records is building a studio now.

We record with an eight track machine. That's all we need, but I use sixteen tracks to mix down at the end. For good stereo separation you need more tracks. You can control every little thing.

Some writers have huge, organized files of lyrics and titles. I can't do that. The creative process, I've found, is extremely unorganized. I might have just a title, "Penthouse Pauper", but no matter how I try I can't write it. It can't be forced. It's a waste of time to force it. I'm better off spending the time practicing my open "E" chord.

I write down titles and they might set off a chain of events. Like I had a title "River Boat", which reminded me of a bunch of other titles - "Living On The River" which became "Rollin' On The River", and then "Paddle Wheel". It came out to be "Proud Mary." If I had it all written down, it would have been too manufactured.

Day by day, Creedence is growing, getting tighter. I know my one hundred guitar dream will pop out pretty soon and become a reality. The feeling is right for something like that.

I think I demand too much of people. I let people get me down. In this business you have to depend on a lot of people. Like you arrive at a date and your equipment isn't there. Anything I'm involved in, I can't expect someone else to feel as strongly as I do. Everybody falls down on their job from our agency down to the concert promoters. It really bugs me. The biggest hassle today is PA systems. They drive me crazy. Hoping there's a good one there, hoping that they even have one for you.

I'll probably never change. All week I prepare for the weekend gig. Always something. New electrical cord to buy. Equipment breakdown. Practice, perfecting. A million things. We have a road manager for that stuff, but I'm still not sure it will get done.

I have to be relaxed in order to write. I can't come in from the boxing match of daily living and start writing, unless I want to write a protest song.

I almost forgot, the only non-original tune on the new album is "Night Time Is The Right Time" by Ray Charles. We're really knocked out by it because it's rock and roll.

I want to perfect my writing. I'd like to be able to say something that needs thirty words but, break down to two words. We're getting a lot tighter, better arranged. We aren't into any huge new direction. The new album is more country than blues. It's tighter than "Bayou Country." None of the new songs are jams like "Chooglin'". There's a lot of good cooking though. Nothing is forced. If something doesn't hold up by itself we won't do it till it feels completely comfortable.

The relationship between all of us in the band gets better and better. We know ourselves. If somebody gets in a bad mood, we just leave him alone. We don't pick on each other.

When we first started out, I was very realistic about the chances in this business. I knew I'd spend about twenty years of my life just to hit the time for one good year. Anytime over a year is extra. Then what do I do when the bottom falls out. I get that from my relatives. "What will you do when the money stops coming in." Well I've got one word for that - *plastics*. That's what they all say.

No. I'll stay with music some way. I'm convinced that we're very lucky. There are so many records and trends and groups. But Elvis is still here. I don't like to think of that. A politician thinks he can count on the people. But you can't. I imagine we'll last longer than I counted on. We might get bigger. I don't know.

One thing's for sure. I'm not going to pretend to do things I don't know about. ☐ John and Jim

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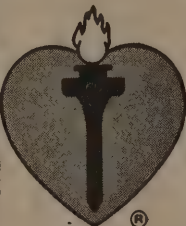
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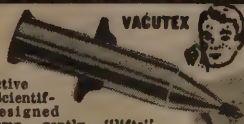
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the scene



Barret Hansen's article "Rock: Past, Present and Future" was interesting but did not present the true historic-angle. The sounds that were once considered underground comprise today's popular music. The music is of unprecedented quality. The style is as liberated as the background from which it sprang. Serious music it is; heard in concert, in the theatre, in opera, in ballet, on television, commercials, or just for the sound-reproduction system. The music can be educationally instructive or merely pleasurable. The audience needn't wear Penguin-suits and corsets to hear Gary Duncan's "Calvary." There is also a newly found respect for the older masters as Richard Strauss, Erik Satie and Charles Ives.

Carl-Michael Bellman, in Mozart's day, was considered pop (and was well respected); today, his music is termed classical. It has only been since the advent of the record that anyone has built a fence between so-called popular and classical music-styles. Only in Corsica, where a fence was never developed has art-song flourished in modern times. Some may contend the art of the Chanson has always thrived in France, whether it was termed jazz (Jacques Prevert) or now rock (George Chelon); Belgium (the roots for Brel and Adamo) and Italy (the immortal Carlo Butti). Modern categorization doesn't successfully work, as the Schwann Catalogue has proven by registering Nico under Jazz. (Fortunately, the highly-technical society of the 60's is leveling the fence, and re-making popular and classical music, allies.)

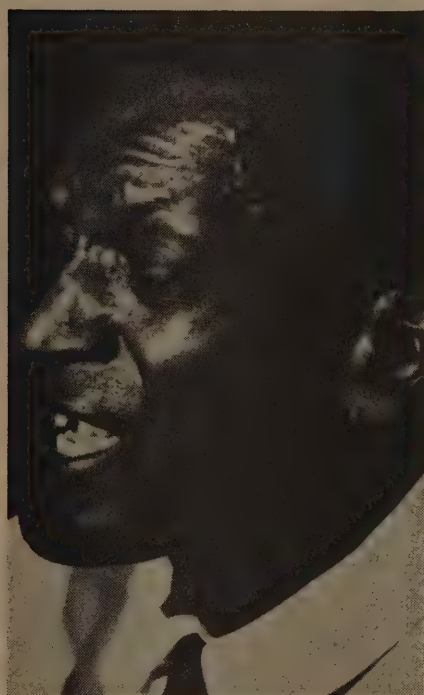
The union of Audre (automatic-digit-recognizer) and Moog (sound-synthesizer) with their combined ability to duplicate any voice, instrument or sound (in any programmed timbre, tone, pitch, range, pattern or form) have had numerous children in pop music since 1964 (as Paul Conley's Lothar Theramin composition "Paul In Love", and the rock group "Pink Floyd"). Today the music defies categorization.

Poetry is integrated and finely woven into the music. The musical progressions and range of scoring can only be compared to the finest classical contramusical compositions. Much of the vocal singing complies to the highest standards; and, the music is visual, as well as audio. The music now being composed, though from a true musical tradition, is honestly reflecting the temper of our time ("Iron Butterfly"). Whether it is electric or acoustic, it is real music.

If you listen to the "classical" music of Jack Beason, you'll know that there is a lot of nauseating music running around as an excuse for classical music. Peter Gerald can surely tell.

The artists who are "in" with it are not just musicians. Many have a strong theatrical background. They run the complete spectrum agewise. Nadia Boulanger and Milhaud have even been some of their instructors. Biff Rose, Randy Newman and Don Franks have introduced innovations never thought possible, and have blended with their songs awareness and humor. Precision and clarity are unmistakable in the "Moody Blues".

And... if you think I was wrong about the past, hear Tom Rapp's early Edison recording of "Guardian Angels" (from "Pearls Before Swine"). Thank you for this opportunity to present the picture to readers of Hit Parader. □ E. Kelman Aubumdale, New York



by Reynold Rapp

SLEEPY JOHN ESTES

In the blues it is difficult to separate fact from legend. The story of John Adam Estes has especially been one clothed in legend.

Students of jazz and folk music have long been listening to Sleepy John Estes records in awe of his unique singing style. They were willing to pay premium prices for his old recordings.

Big Bill Broonzy recalled running away from home "about 1912" to work on the

railroad just to hear John Estes howling the songs that lightened the workload of the track-laying gangs. Broonzy's reckoning of Estes' age would credit the singer with more than 90 years, and this was later "confirmed" by Big Joe Williams and other elder bluesmen. The improbability of Estes' being alive kept folk researchers from looking for him.

But the legend did come to life. John Estes is able to sing as well as ever, still writing blues poetry, and playing better guitar than in former years.

John Adam Estes was born in Lowry County, Tennessee, in 1904. At an early age he lost the sight of one eye when a friend threw a rock at him during a baseball game. In 1929 he was playing on a Memphis street-corner teamed with mandolinist Yank Rachel when he was approached by a Victor talent scout and made his first records.

A few years later, learning that two friends were recording for Decca, John hopped a freight to Chicago and recorded 6 sides that established him as one of that label's most important rural blues artists. After six years with Decca, John switched to Bluebird for 1941. Shellac rationing and the 1942-43 recording ban virtually ended "race" recording and Estes dropped from sight.

In 1950, John was living in Memphis when he lost the sight of his remaining eye. He moved back to Brownsville and married. He now had five children and was living in an abandoned sharecropper's shack near Brownsville when Chicagoan David Blumenthal found him while photographing a documentary film, *Citizen South - Citizen North*. Blumenthal casually mentioned his find to Delmar Records and Estes was brought to Chicago for an exploratory recording session.

John returned to Brownsville after some personal appearances in the Chicago area, to return in a few weeks with his harmonica accompanist of some 30-odd years, Hammie Nixon. The future looks promising. Other recordings are planned and, as his Delmar records get around, he is in ever increasing demand for personal appearances.

Sleepy John Estes sings with a depth of feeling and an emotional thrust that can only be described as "crying the blues." The sob in this throat is not a clever stage mannerism. His singing has the honesty and straight forward integrity of the simple rural life John has lived. The influence of John's style matches the wide circulation of his compositions. Even a pop rock singer like Elvis Presley developed his style under the influence of Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup, an Estes disciple. Big Joe, Big Bill and many others have acknowledged their debut to Sleepy John. □

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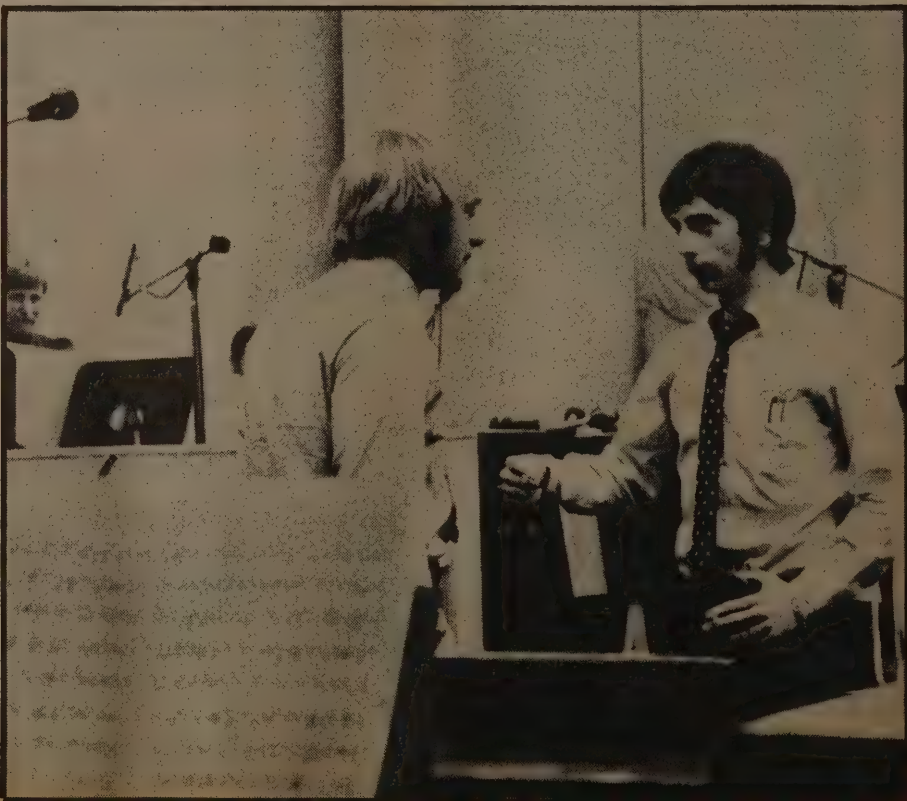
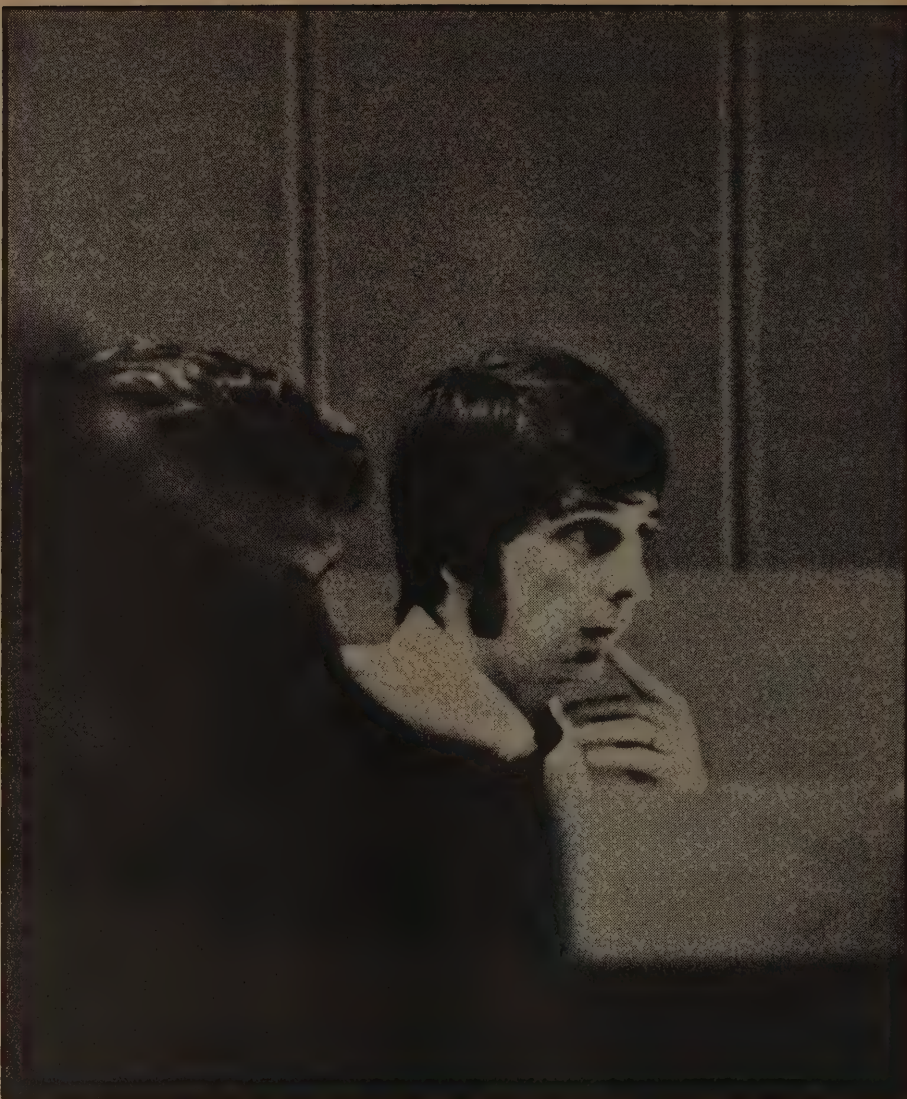
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The PHIL SPECTOR Interview Part I

HP: HOW DOES YOUR CURRENT DEAL WITH A&M RECORDS WORK?

PS: It's a non-exclusive deal. I have a partnership deal with them on a non-exclusive basis. The distribution is through their label. It's more practical since, between my name and their name, I'll sell more records through them than with my own label. But I'll have my own label again soon.

HP: WHEN DID YOU MAKE THE DECISION TO GO BACK INTO RECORDING AND WHY?

PS: About six months ago, after about two years of retirement. I just got the urge again. It's a good catalyst for me. . . a good means of expression. I don't have to work for a living and I don't need the money. So it had to come at a time when I wanted to do it and I got it back in my bones again. I was getting very bored with what I heard on the radio. I wasn't moved by any of it . . . it was just a lot of crap. I was getting very bored with everybody's nightmares and dreams and all that stuff. So I feel there's a place for it -- just like there's a place for the Monkees, although that's not my place or where I want to be.

HP: WHAT CHANGES, IF ANY, HAVE YOU ENCOUNTERED AS A RECORD PRODUCER SINCE THE TWO YEARS OF YOUR RETIREMENT? TECHNICAL OR OTHERWISE?

PS: There's more phonies in the business, but it's always been that way. Everybody's a record producer. The game is still essentially the same. The one that has really changed the most is, when I first started making hit records, it was like a big fad and Time Magazine did stories...it was a very open kind of thing. Rock and Roll or whatever you call it. . . was just being accepted. And we were the fair-haired flock of people; like the Beatles or as a record producer, I was there and Dylan was just happening and. . . it was all new. Now, it's so saturated...it's on every television show. . . that uniqueness, the unique part of it is gone. It's

sort of just like a business now. . . it's stalled and is very ordinary. And because Wall Street has accepted it as art; they don't have to go out and buy a Picasso for \$20,000 when they can invest in a young record producer or record company. Then, for a half million, they could put on a special on tv and tell their friends, "look this is art". When Wall Street came in, it sort of took all the glamour out and made it a regular business. That's about the only thing that's changed.

Musically. . . there's room for everyone. You know, for every nonsense. . . Like five years ago, we had the nun out with her hit and five years later, the Monkees.

HP: WELL, NOT REALLY THE MUSIC BUSINESS ITSELF AS MUCH AS THE CHANGES THAT RELATE TO YOU AS A RECORD PRODUCER?

PS: Well, I've always had one particular thing. Mine is to control the recording sessions and to control everything so that the people involved in doing everything else are free to do that. They shouldn't be bothered about how it sounds, is it coming out right. . . their job is to do what they're supposed to do and my job is directing. That's really what it amounts to. It's the same as a director in motion pictures, but the job is called producing in the record industry.

But I was wondering whether songs would be accepted again. See, I feel that there's a great void in black music. I don't feel there's been enough of the black groups around. And I don't just mean Motown and Stax. . . I mean for every twenty groups on a label, the guitar - psychedelic groups, there should be three or four or five colored groups. You don't see them harmonizing on the corners any more. . . there's that void. I see that as very obvious in the record industry and which I would like to change. I'd like to bring back some more songs into the record industry, rather than just ideas.

HP: WHAT ABOUT THE IDEA OF COMMERCIALITY TODAY, WITH

ALBUMS SELLING AT A MUCH FASTER PACE THAN SINGLES?

PS: Tapes, also, are taking over. In about three years, it'll be half the record industry. You see, I only look at commercialism as a product of the country. I never criticize it or say: "What about all those guys who are starving in the village, who can't make it. We don't need commercialism and..." Look, either you change the country or you accept it. Commercialism is a very important part of the entertainment world...it always will be. Things which aren't commercial will not be successful and they'll be judged as "art" for that sort of thing. My approach to the business has always been from an "art" standpoint. The fact that it was commercial and successful was just added gravy. It wasn't part of my scheme. My scheme was to do the things I felt.

But commercialism is important because there's a big buying audience out there. When you figure the way tapes and records are selling the way they are, you have to take into account that the record industry is a business now...just like the shoe business. That's depressing but...I've never really been involved in that. I make records to please myself.

HP: BACK TO THE AREA OF SINGLES AND ALBUMS FOR A MOMENT. WHAT ABOUT THE IDEA TODAY THAT ALBUMS CAN BE AND ARE, COHESIVE UNITS, RATHER THAN A BUNCH OF SINGLES THROWN TOGETHER?

PS: Albums were not as important when I was in the record industry several years ago. I only made one album that really had 12 single-type sides in it that were all well produced. Normally, you'd put one or two good sides in it and ten pieces of junk and you'd put an album out. But when somebody shows you sales figures and shows you that albums are outselling singles... See, the demise of the single is apparent. It will be maybe another year or two. Kids will just not spend the dollar when they can spend two-

something and get a whole album. So you must make a better album and you must make a good album. What's scaring everybody is that people without hit singles have hit albums....Hendrix, the Cream, etc. I mean, you don't need a hit single to have a hit album. But if you have a hit single, you MUST make a good album, because you'll sell that much better and it's much more important to have a hit album than a hit single. Atlantic will tell you that. Motown has suffered because of that, A&M will tell you that. And Motown has been hurt because they cannot really establish a big album market. They don't have album sellers. So I would say that you must make an album today that, even if it doesn't hold tight together, it must be good. It must be well produced and make sense. You can't just cut twelve hit sides and...

HP: THAN YOU THOUGHT ALL OF THIS THROUGH BEFORE YOU STARTED CUTTING THE CHECKMATES?

PS: Oh, sure. That album is designed....One side is 20 minutes of experiment and the other side has five single-type things. But all produced for the album. Nothing thrown-in...like a B-side from some other record or like that. That you only do when it's a necessity...the group's not available and things like that.

HP: LET ME GO BACK A LITTLE BIT TO "RIVER DEEP, MOUNTAIN HIGH." HOW DID THE SONG, ITSELF, COME ABOUT?

PS: That was just a....Hey, while you're talking about that...That album was a produced album. I worked very hard on it. It was a produced album at a time when they weren't producing albums...just throwing singles together.

That song....It was the first thing I had written with Jeff Barry and Ellie Greenwich since the early hits we had done together...since the "Da Do Ron Ron" and "Be My Baby" and all those. I had not seen them for a couple of years and they, in the meantime, had gotten

divorced. And when I got together with them again, I didn't know they were divorced. So we got together and I said "Hey, you wanna write? Let's write" So we got together in the apartment and I saw this tremendous... Every time we'd write a love line, Ellie would start to cry. I couldn't figure out what was happening and then I realized... It was a very uncomfortable situation during the writing of that song. But that session turned out "River Deep." We wrote that and we wrote "I Can Hear Music," which the Beach Boys did. We ended up writing three or four hit songs on that one writing session a couple of years ago. But the whole thing about "River Deep" was the way I could feel that strong bass line. That's how it started. And then Jeff came up with the opening line. I wanted a tender song about a chick who loved somebody very much, but a different way of expressing it. So we came up with the rag doll and "I'm going to cuddle you like a little puppy." And the idea was really built for Tina, just like "Loving Feeling" was built for the Righteous Brothers.

It was really built for her. Nobody else, in my opinion, could have sung it. Because Aretha wasn't around then, like she is today, and neither was Janis Joplin. So it was written just for Tina. And I could always communicate with Jeff and Ellie and about four or five other writers.

HP: YOU MENTIONED THAT YOU TURNED OUT THREE OR FOUR HITS OUT OF THAT ONE WRITING SESSION. OVER WHAT PERIOD OF TIME?

PS: A writing session was usually a couple of weeks. They'd fly in here or I'd go to New York. We'd get together daytime or nighttime and get some basic ideas. I have another group of writers, two kids in New York: Toni Wine and Irwin Levine, they're the ones I wrote "Black Pearl" with. I, also, could communicate very well with them.

See, I know what I want. The only thing I can compare it to is when Fellini makes a movie, he knows what he wants to film. I know what I have to do in a studio and I know what I can do. You can give me a hit song and I'll say "no." I don't care if it could be a million seller... I can't record it. It's got to be something that I can fit in. Originally, I was looking for something much more commercial for Tina, but I couldn't do it with her. I had to do "River Deep." It was probably a stubborn thing, and meant the dif-

ference between a number one record here or not...but I had to do it.

HP: THAT BRINGS UP AN INTERESTING POINT. WHEN I INTERVIEWED IKE AND TINA, IKE STATED THAT THE REASON "RIVER DEEP" DIDN'T MAKE IT COMMERCIAL WAS BECAUSE THE R&B STATIONS THOUGHT IT WAS POP AND WOULDN'T PLAY IT AND THE POP STATIONS WOULDN'T PLAY IT BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT IT WAS R & B. HENCE, IT WASN'T PLAYED AND DIDN'T SELL IN AMERICA. IT DID SELL IN ENGLAND, THOUGH.

PS: He's right. Because, first of all, they expected something from Tina Turner. Even though she hadn't had a hit in five years... her last hit was one of those early things... "I'm Gonna Work Out Fine" and like that. She hadn't had a hit, yet every R&B guy knew about her and... Well, it was like when I first cut the Righteous Brothers. I put out "Lovin' Feeling" and then, for the other side, we just put out some shouting blues thing. Anything. Just junk. We wrote it in five minutes and put it out. But a lot of distributors thought that was the side. And they heard "Lovin' Feeling," I told them that that was the side and they said, "No, man, we need more of what they're doing on Shindig." Because that was the big show then. I told them they were doing those shouting blues things on Moonglow for two years... nothing! They said: "No, no, you're wrong." So you always have that. Even though it's not successful people will pick it out and claim it's best. They said "Loving" started out too slow, his voice was in the wrong speed. They found every reason because they wanted to hear Shindig. With Tina, they wanted to hear rhythm and blues. Whether it sold or not, that's what they would

have played - They would have played it for three days, thrown it out, and said: "But that's what we wanted to hear, Phil." I mean, they really didn't know.

Just like when "Black Pearl" came out, white guys wouldn't play it because their attitude was: "I'll be damned if I'm gonna give credence to any nigger. Like I'll be damned if I'm gonna make any black pearls for these people." And the black people said: "Well, man, some honkeys made it. Why should we play it. Maybe it'll start trouble in the area... maybe somebody will bomb our station if we play it." So you've got people like that. We got some very nasty letters on the

"Black Pearl" record. And on the Tina Turner record, a lot of people couldn't tell the difference between controlled noise and controlled sound. But it was made as an experiment. Not as a hit record... it really wasn't.

Yeh, Ike was right on that. The R&B guys really didn't understand it and... I was sort of bidding farewell on everything with that record and I probably could have worked the record over a lot harder. But I always had an attitude that... I was in business for myself. I did all my own promotion and everything. I felt: If a guy doesn't like a record, that's it. You don't take him to dinner, you don't send him something in the mail. He doesn't like it. That's the way it is, so I never fought it. But a lot of people have since written me, apologizing for not playing that record and being behind.

And I guess the only reason for its success in England is that Tina was always an underground artist there. . . she was always very popular there, especially among the artists. Like the Beatles and the Stones. Mick Jagger was at the recording session. . . word of mouth travels a lot faster there. Like John Lennon would say something and it would be in the national newspapers there. You don't have to get a record played in England. . . you can almost sell it through the trades. Kids listen to records over just one station there. But here, in America, play is everything.

HP: TALKING ABOUT ENGLISH GROUPS, WHY DO YOU THINK THEY'VE BEEN CARRYING THE BALL, IN SALES AND TREND SETTING, FOR SO LONG WITHOUT THE EMERGENCE OF A REALLY SIGNIFICANT AMERICAN GROUP? MAYBE CREEDENCE CLEARWATER NOW, BUT. . .

PS: And even they... See, if you go back into music history, you'll see that the imitation of the black man is always the most successful form. Al Jolson did it, Stephen Foster was able to capture it. Hence, you have the roots of the black frustration. "We're the most commercial people, we write the most commercial music. Everybody imitates us, but still we're the most oppressed people." I mean, if Indian music became very big over here, which it has, and Indians and Moslems lived all throughout this country, they'd say: "What is this? All of our sitars are selling, but we don't have nothing." The basis for it is that it's black music, really. And

most of the English groups are very, very black oriented.

It was when we had no sepiia music in this country, only on very small stations you couldn't get, there was standing-room-only crowds for Jimmy Reed and Muddy Waters in England. So the kids there were very, very in tune with black music. And they know much more. You ask Eric Burdon about black history and black music and he knows more about it than any white artist in this country. And I think Creedence Clearwater knows it, too. When he sings, "Keep on Turnin', Turnin'".... what he's really written is a gospel tune. "Keep on rollin', rollin'"... it sounds like it was written in New Orleans. And that's where they have picked up the ball.

But it also happened that everybody got frightened over here, got guitar groups together, and killed off the Negro group. If the Negro group had stayed dominant and really pushed forward, like the Drifters and Coasters, you might not have had this massive English surge. See, everybody got really frightened after the Beatles... the record companies, etc. Every big English group has really got a tremendous black flavor to it. The Stones, the Beatles, Eric Burdon, everybody. I mean, you'll get a Dave Clark thrown in there, but generally....

HP: OK, ON THIS SAME LINE, I KNOW YOU WORKED IN THE ATLANTIC ORGANIZATION FOR A WHILE, I GUESS DURING SOME OF THE RAY CHARLES YEARS. WHAT'S YOUR REACTION TO AN ARTIST LIKE JOE COCKER?

PS: Again, there's two ways you automatically get soul. If you watch "You Are There", or Walter Cronkite or "Victory at Sea," you'll see a lot of bombs falling on England. And you see a lot of little kids running. Now those little kids are probably Joe Cocker, Paul McCartney, and those cats. Because that's where the bombs fell. They didn't fall over here, they fell right where those kids lived. Like I said, there's two ways you get soul: through slavery and getting your rear end bombed off. So these English people have legitimate soul-cause they've been through war and they have a war-torn country. They have legitimate reasons for soul and I think that they're wonderful impersonators... they can get the black thing down really good.

But I don't like to record white artists. There's something unnatural about a white artist doing it, to me. □ pete senoff (continued next month)

Communication

by Dom Petro

The time — about 1477. The place — Ferrara, Italy. The speaker — the monk Savonarola. Bear in mind that this period is one of the high points in history: the High Renaissance. It was a period of great advancements in all of the arts and sciences.

"We call ourselves wise and educated people, in reality we are but imbeciles. Are not the poor in spirit, the simple men and women, the common people whom we are told to regard as unpolished and crude, to enter first into the Kingdom of Heaven?— (he means, our intellectualism stifles the real yearnings and aspirations of our hearts) — Do we not realize that the world is filling up with iniquity and that virtue has well-nigh vanished? Why do we wait? . . . Break away from the corrupt city, from the youth without idealism, from the luxury-loving old men. . .

If you are assiduous in your studies, you are taken for an eccentric streaked with a queer twist. If you try to live chastely and modestly you are decried an idiot. . . If you are just, you are told you are cruel. If you put your trust in God alone, you are labeled a fool or an old fogey. If you try to be charitable and try to love and respect your fellow man, you are called effeminate and people raise their eyebrows suspecting that you have some vile trick up your sleeve. . . When you place your hope in Christ, the whole world laughs at you. . .

No one is accounted a real man. . . who does not use coarse language and spits out the most loathsome blasphemies. . . The more money a man hoards and covets, the wiser and more successful he is thought to be. . . Who is accounted a clever fellow. . . ? He who invents a still more fiendish way to torture human beings or who plots and executes a still more abject crime. No person amongst us is given credit for courage or manly conduct unless he assassinates a fellow creature or forments riot and revolution. . . "

Does any of the above sound familiar? Could not much of it apply TODAY?

Of course there are many other examples of honest social criticism such as this. The Bible contains many passages where the prophets attack the degenerating habits of their people. And at various other periods in history the people were warned that loose behavior was not merely BAD but actually dangerous and could end only in disaster. And this is not to mention the mental dry rot, in the very private minds of those participating that creeps in with time.

Who listens to these grim prophets? They bear unpleasant news and hold up mirrors reflecting disturbingly accurate visions. But very few of us can bear to hear anything unpleasant, especially when it applies directly to one's self. And besides, if everyone else is doing it, why not me? Who will notice me in the crowd? All the prophets say is, "No matter how you dress it up or hide it, it is BAD***ROTTEN, and you know it and it will rot you."

And what happened to the above mentioned monk? He was cruelly tortured with the strappado, publicly reviled, spat upon, face torn, legs slashed, hanged from an iron ring and burned. And the very people who formerly loved him, killed him, then turned to his enemies (and this is another point, if we do not listen to straight criticism and good discipline, we must turn to WHOM? The gutter, (naturally.) indulging in one of the dirtiest, vilest, bloodiest, orgies of mad mass neurotic exhibitions in the city's history. The wretches who wanted him killed led the

people, now a mob, into the orgy to help cover over their guilt and protect themselves. Since everybody's guilty: who can point the finger?

Is human behavior so different today than yesterday? We use more gadgets and reach more people today, but the human is the same. We would like to think we are more complex etc., but human is human though we seem to know more about the human today. We don't like to say "good" or "bad" today because we understand the psychological drives behind acts. However, finally and ultimately, we know there is a "good" and a "bad" and ever so many shades of both. Thus appraisal of behavior or acts are descriptive and seemingly impersonal when we read or see screened, the murder, rape or other BAD act. No blame or condemnation.

Trends. Watch them carefully and seldom join any. The aforementioned prophets warned of conditions resulting from trends. Acts that are normally considered bad are tolerated and they gradually worsen, becoming the norm — until murder itself becomes a game.

Translate the aforementioned Savonarola's warnings and condemnations into today:

We think we know all the answers — we're dopes! The squares, the unsophisticated, the non-kick people just try to live to get closer to the answers. Being clean, sexually and otherwise is the smart thing. But everything's crazy and upside down. If you study hard, you're an odd ball. If you want to stay clean, you're simple-minded. If you really set the records straight and make accounts meet especially when behavior or acts are concerned, you're a hard man. If you talk religion like you meant it, you're a laugh. If you try to be friendly and understanding with people, you're queer. When you talk sex or anything that is really private and use terms to shock with unexpected forbidden words, you're a groove. But the COOLEST are those (OLD OR YOUNG) who know to mangle other humans (Note TV and movie trends. How many ways can you shoot a man or frighten a helpless woman. With no obvious messy blood, mind you. Just good clean mayhem and murder; but so cleverly done.) Always at someone else's expense. Fun until your turn comes. But the real COOLEST OF THE COOL is the person who actually kills someone, gets publicity, sells his story, or gets a mob started.

Adding it all up, you can quickly see that as DEGENERATION SETS IN all the lice and rats come out of the woodwork. Since you know this doesn't add up to ANY good and there's going to be a lot of pieces to pick up and slime to wash away, you may figure, "Well what the Hell —." There is a beginning of disaster. If you join them and are called Groovy, then Groovy can also describe playing clean and straight and not joining a long line of suckers which is an old, tried and true, very accurate term for the real idiots. From those who bought gold bricks, the Brooklyn Bridge, support dictators, fall for hackneyed temptations, pay \$5000 for \$5 items, who are quick to give EVIL every break in the name of freedom of speech while refusing to give GOOD ANY break because it is taken for granted that it is ruling and besides it is not the IN thing. Why hide them with hypocritical terms? The establishment and the past had their hypocrisies.

"A CROWN OF FIRE" by Pierre van Paassen, Hutchinson & Co., London.

platter chatter

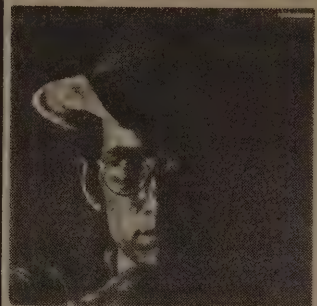
OUR MOTHER THE MOUNTAIN is Townes Van Zandt's second album and as time goes on, he will no doubt develop into one of the most important writers of this generation. Here and there his words are clumsy but all of his songs are brilliant studies of feeling. ("Second Lover's Song" and "Our Mother The Mountain" are good examples.) Townes is one of the new country breed mentioned by Mickey Newbury in the October Hit Parade. Vocally, he stands in the shadow of Jimmy Rogers and Hank Williams right down to a partially suppressed blue yodel. His vocals and music aren't exactly cheery. He's into melancholy, but he does it better than anybody I've ever heard in a long time. The songs take a little while to get into, but Townes will grow on you after a few playings. (POPPY PYS40004)

JIMI HENDRIX SMASH HITS at first glance is just a repeat of everything you already have on his other albums. Things like "Hey, Joe," "Purple Haze," "Foxey Lady," "All Along The Watchtower," "Fire," etc. But wait. Don't pass it by. There's four numbers that have never been released in America. Just one of them is worth the price of the album - the only blues Jimi has ever recorded - Red House." It's one of the most exciting modern blues ever put on record and Hendrix can probably play this stuff with his hands tied behind his back. Let's hope Hendrix plans to give us more blues. "Can You See Me" is another new one - real hard rock but with Jimi's personal touch. The remaining new ones are "Remember" and "Stone Free." (REPRISE - MS 2025)

WE'LL GET OVER the new Staples' singers album is beautiful. They are the tightest, earthiest vocal harmony group going. Too many vocal groups don't use their harmony capabilities to full potential, but the Staples always take full advantage of their talents. Their versions of "Give A Damn," "Everyday People" and "Games People Play" are gems and the songs become unique experiences, a completely different feeling than the original versions. As usual, a gorgeous Stax houseband. (STAX STS 2016)

HARRY is a perfect example of why the Beatles love Nilsson. McCartney and Nilsson have something in common - a great admiration for the vaudeville-ragtime style of popular music. This Harry album is loaded with excellent, funny, tender tales of down and outers, and Moon June Spoon. Bill Martin has two knock out lyric songs he called "City Life" and "Fairfax Rag." Harry gives them the perfect vocal touch. Nilsson has a talent for writing and finding incredible lyrics and he gives. "Mother Nature's Son" and "Mr. Bojangles" the perfect showcase. Don't miss this one. (RCA Victor LSP 4197)

BRAHMS two sonatas for cello and piano is performed by a married superstar couple. Jacqueline Du Pre' (Cello) and Daniel Barenboim (piano), both in their early 20's have captured the imagination of the music world like Van Cliburn did a few years back. This duo is giving classical music just what it needs - excitement. Du Pre is out of sight on cello and if you want to get into this deep throated lusty instrument, get this album. (ANGEL S-36544)



JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE
SMASH HITS



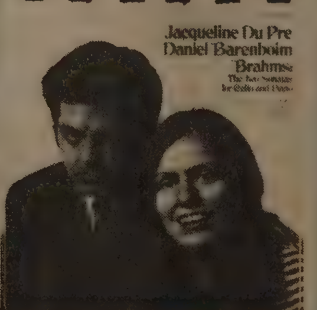
WE'LL GET OVER THE STAPLES SINGERS



RCA VICTOR

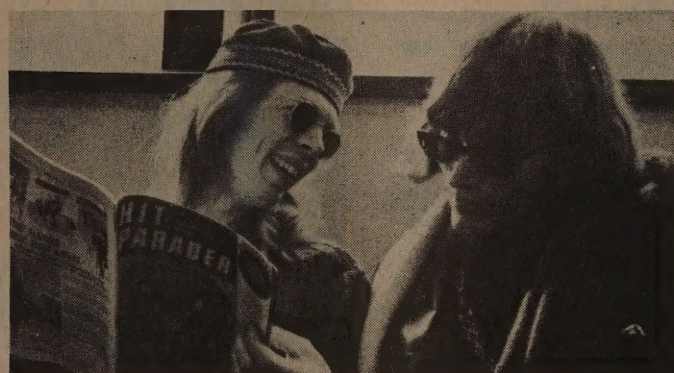
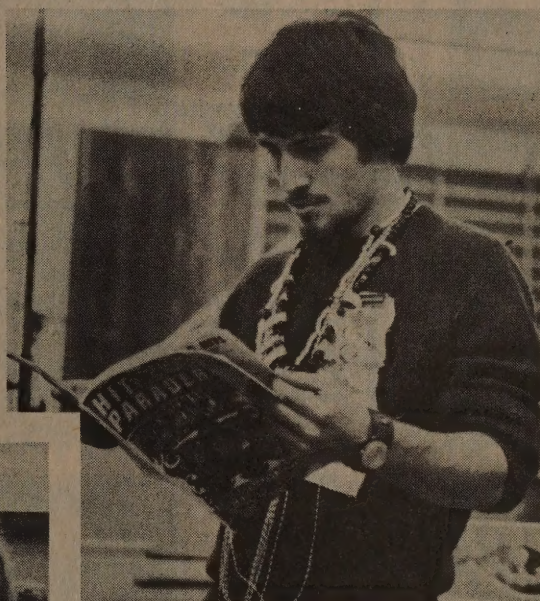
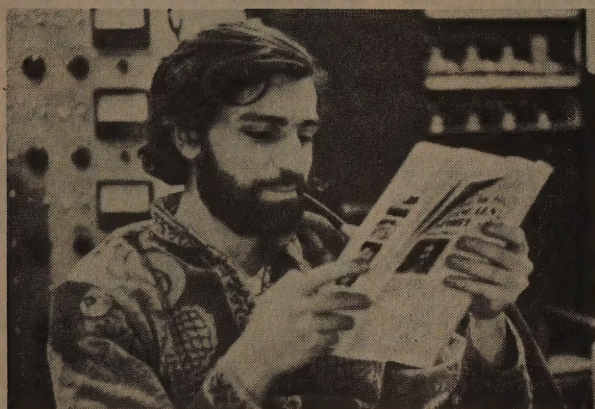


HARRY



Jacqueline Du Pre
Daniel Barenboim
Brahms
The two sonatas
for cello and piano

FAMOUS PEOPLE READ HIT PARADER...



Top: The Young Rascals, Felix (left) and Eddie.
Bottom: Jefferson Airplane, Jack (left) and Jorma.

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DECEMBER, 1968

How Stones Record
Story of Country Rock
Nilsson - Tim Hardin
Interviews with: Aretha
Franklin
Donovan - Yardbirds
Paul Butterfield

"Born To Be Wild"
"People Got To Be Free"
"Light My Fire"
"Stay In My Corner"
"On

"1,2,3 Red Light"
"Hello, I Love You"
"Give A Damn"



JANUARY, 1969

The Ladies of Pop
Blues Business
Bob Dylan's Band
Beatles Meet Press
Traffic - Donovan
Little Richard
Noel Redding

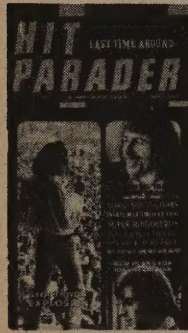
"Piece of My Heart"
"Street Fighting Man"
"Harper Valley P.T.A."
"Revolution"
"I Wish It Would Rain"
"Hey Jude"
"Fool On The Hill"



FEBRUARY, 1969

Paul McCartney Adventure
The Story of Recording
Jeff Beck Group
Cream's Double Album
Big Brother
Jose Feliciano
Staple Singers

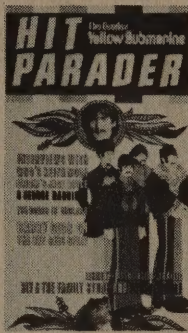
"The Weight"
"White Room"
"Lola"
"I Met Her In Church"
"Little Green Apples"
"Fool For You"
"Destination A anywhere"



MARCH, 1969

Incredible Clapton
Interview Reveals
Why Cream Split
Steppenwolf
John Sebastian
Blood, Sweat & Tears
McCartney Interview

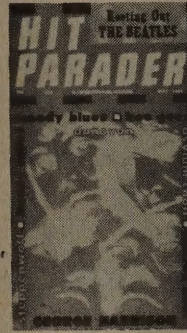
"Those Were The Days"
"For Once In My Life"
"Love Child"
"Who's Making Love"
"Chewy, Chewy"
"Magic Carpet Ride"



APRIL, 1969

Yellow Submarine
Who's Keith Moon
Cream's Jack Bruce
George Harrison
Spirit - Doors
Sly & Family Stone
Association - Traffic

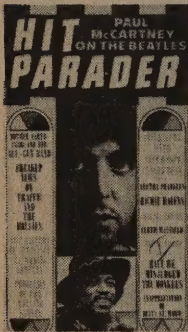
"Sunday Sun"
"A Ray Of Hope"
"Yesterday's Rain"
"Cloud Nine"
"Son Of A Preacher Man"
"Wichita Lineman"
"Right Relations"



MAY, 1969

Beatle Special
Buddy Miles
Moody Blues
Canned Heat
Willie Dixon
Donovan
Bee Gees

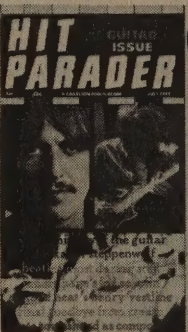
"California Soul"
"Hooked On A Feeling"
"Going Up The Country"
"I Started A Joke"
"Crimson & Clover"
"Sweet Cream Ladies"
"Cross Town Traffic"



JUNE, 1969

INTERVIEWS WITH:
Paul McCartney
Canned Heat
Aretha Franklin
Martha Reeves
Curtis Mayfield
Richie Havens

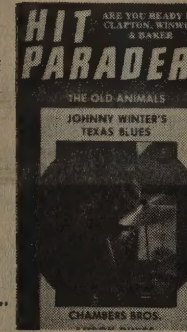
"Proud Mary"
"I'm Livin' In Shame"
"Crossroads"
"Gimme People Play"
"Honey"
"Purple Haze"
"Indian Giver"



JULY, 1969

GET THIS SPECIAL
GUITAR ISSUE BEFORE
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History of Guitar
Plus Great Soloists
From, Steppenwolf,
Canned Heat, Cream,
Who, Ten Yrs. After,
Credence Clearwater,
Jeff Beck, Hendrix.

"The Weight"
"Sweet Cherry Wine"
"Rock Me"
"Time of The Season"
"Runaway Child"
"I'll Try Something New"
"Heaven"



AUGUST, 1969

Blind Faith
Johnny Winter
The Old Animals
Beatle Books
Pop Music History
Insect Trust
Chambers Bros.

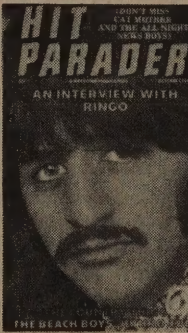
"Stand"
"First of May"
"Pinball Wizard"
"Galveston"
"The Chokin' Kind"
"Menocino"
"I Can Hear Music"



SEPTEMBER, 1969

The Future of Pop
Crosby, Stills, Nash
Credence Clearwater
Johnny Winter
Taj Mahal
Jack Bruce
Judy Collins

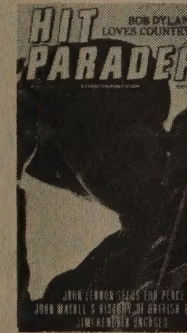
"Get Back"
"Bad Moon Rising"
"Goodbye"
"These Eyes"
"The Composer"
"Gitarzan"
"Atlantis"



OCTOBER, 1969

Cat Mother
The Country Thing
Jethro Tull
Rocks Surfing Days
Chicago Blues
Ringo Starr
Mickey Newbury

"See"
"Moody Woman"
"Tomorrow, Tomorrow"
"Spinning Wheel"
"Love Me Tonight"
"I Wanna Testify"
"My Cherie Amour"



NOVEMBER, 1969

Bob Dylan Country
John Mayall Interview
The Doors Crumble
John Lennon
Jimi Hendrix
Felton Jarvis

"Muddy River"
"Soul Deep"
"Choice of Colors"
"Ballad of John & Yoko"
"Along Came Jones"
"Tell All The People"
"Feeling Is Right"

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Name

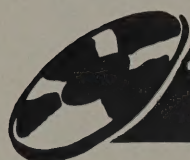
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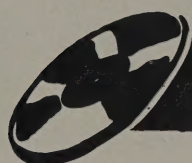
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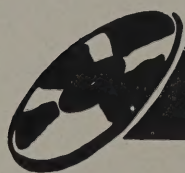
FEATURING :



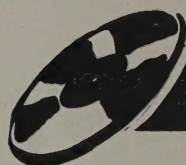
"BLOWIN' IN THE WIND"



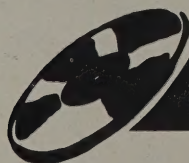
"DAYDREAM"



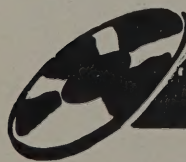
"SUMMER IN THE CITY"



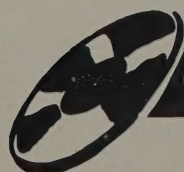
"I AM A ROCK"



"BANG BANG"



"GOOD LOVIN"



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| 4. Warm And Tender Love | 13. Sure Gonna Miss Her |
| 5. Pretty Flamingo | 14. Daydream |
| 6. See You In September | 15. Somewhere |
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